



b a t m a n

b a t m a n

a r k h a m a s y l u m

m o r r i s o n m c k e a n



d c c o m i c s

a s e r i o u s t o u s e o f s e r i o u s e a r t i s t

a r k h a m a s y l u m

w r i t t e n b y g r a n t m o r r i s o n

i l l u s t r a t e d b y d a v e m c k e a n

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a R K H A M
 S Y L U M
a

AS IT IS PLAYED TO-DAY.



THE PASSION PLAY

Icaronycteris [icon]





ERIK HAM ASYLUM

A *serious* HOUSE ON *serious* EARTH

W R I T T E N b y

g R A N T m O R R I S O N

i L L U S T R A T E D b y

d A V E m C K E A N



Grant Morrison

Batman created by Bob Kane

Book design by Dave McKean

Lettered by Gaspar Saladino

JENETTE KAHN *President & Editor-in-Chief* DICK GIORDANO *VP—Editorial*
KAREN BERGER *Editor* ART YOUNG *Asst. Editor* RICHARD BRUNING *Design*
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B

UT I DON'T WANT TO GO AMONG MAD PEOPLE,' Alice remarked.

'Oh, you can't help that,' said the Cat. 'We're all mad here.

I'm mad, you're mad.'

'How do you know I'm mad?' said Alice.

'You must be,' said the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'

LEWIS CARROLL

'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'



FROM THE JOURNALS OF
AMADEUS ARKHAM:

During the long period of mother's illness, the house often seemed so vast, so confidently **REAL**, that by comparison, I felt little more than a **GHOST** haunting its corridors.

In the years following my father's death, I think it's true to say that the house became my whole world.

Until the night in 1901, when I first caught a glimpse of that **OTHER** world.

The world on the dark side.

Scarcely aware that anything could exist beyond those melancholy walls.





MOTHER?

MOTHER?

IT'S ME.

I'VE
BROUGHT YOU
SOMETHING
TO EAT.



PLEASE. I THINK
YOU SHOULD TRY
TO EAT SOME OF
THIS.



mmf

EATEN.



I'VE EATEN.


I'VE EATEN.

That was the moment
when I first felt
truly ALONE.




Many years later, when I became aware of the significance of the beetle as a symbol of rebirth, I realized that she was simply trying to protect herself from something, in the only way that made sense to her.






But even then, I think
I understood that
Mother **HAD** been born
again, into that other
world.



A world of fathomless
signs and portents.



Of magic and terror.



And mysterious symbols.



SORRY I'M LATE,
COMMISSIONER.
PROBLEMS OUT
OF TOWN.



WHAT'S
UP?



THERE'S BEEN A RIOT AT
ARKHAM ASYLUM.
THAT'S WHAT'S UP.

THE INMATES SEIZED
CONTROL OF THE BUILDING
EARLY THIS MORNING. WE
DON'T KNOW HOW
IT HAPPENED.

THEY'RE HOLDING THE
ASYLUM STAFF HOSTAGE,
MAKING ALL KINDS OF
CRAZY DEMANDS.

WE'VE HAD TO SEND
IN FURNITURE,
STORE DUMMIES,
FOOD, CLOTHING...



AND?...

THEY SAY THERE'S ONLY
ONE FINAL DEMAND,
THANK GOD.

THEY'VE BEEN WAITING
TO TALK TO **YOU**
PERSONALLY.

I SEE.



IT'S THE
JOKER.



JOKER!
ARE YOU
THERE?

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

WELL HELLO,
FOLKS!!

HOW'S IT
HANGING??

DON'T WASTE
MY TIME, JOKER.
JUST TELL ME
WHAT IT IS
YOU WANT.

OH, I THINK
YOU CAN GUESS...

WE WANT
YOU

IN HERE, WITH US,
IN THE MATHHOUSE

WHERE YOU
BELONG.

AND...AND
WHAT IF I SAY
NO?

SKRIT
SKRITCH

WELL...

WE HAVE SO MANY
FRIENDS HERE,
SWEETHEART.

SKR HELLO
TO PEARL.

OH BUH-BAT-BAT
BAT OHMM

SUCH A CRYBABY,
TENT SHEEE

SKRIT SKRITCH

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
CAN YOU HEAR IT?
SCRATCHING.

WHAT'S HE
DOING?

PEARL IS
NINETEEN
YEARS OLD.

SKRIT
SKRITCH

SHE JUST STARTED
WORK IN THE KITCHEN
HERE TO EARN SOME
EXTRA MONEY.

PEARL WANTS TO BE AN ARTIST,
DONT YOU PEARL, DARLING??

UH-HUH...OHMM...

SKRIT SKRITCH

SHE JUST
DREW ME A
BEAUTIFUL
HOUSE.

SHE DREW IT
WITH THIS
PENCIL.

SECRET

THE ONE I'VE JUST

THE SHARPENED.

OPEN YOUR
EYES WIDE, PEARL!

BEAUTIFUL

BLUE

A black and white illustration of a person's face, heavily shadowed and textured, with a speech bubble saying "JESUS, NO!" and stylized purple text at the bottom.

YOU HAVE HALF
AN HOUR.

AND BRING A
WHITE STICK.

NO.

No!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



OH JESUS,
THAT POOR
GIRL.

BATMAN...I..



I'M GOING
IN THERE.



JIM,
CAN WE
TALK?



YOU OKAY?

YOU KNOW YOU DON'T
HAVE TO GO IN THERE.
LET ME ORGANIZE A
SWAT TEAM OR
SOMETHING.

NO, THIS IS
SOMETHING
I DO HAVE
TO DO.



LISTEN, I CAN UNDERSTAND
IT IF EVEN YOU'RE AFRAID.?

I MEAN, ARKHAM
HAS A REPUTATION...

AFRAID?

BATMAN'S
NOT AFRAID
OF ANYTHING.



IT'S ME.
I'M AFRAID.

I'M AFRAID
THAT THE JOKER
MAY BE RIGHT
ABOUT ME.


SOMETIMES I...
QUESTION THE
RATIONALITY OF
MY ACTIONS.



AND I'M AFRAID
THAT WHEN I WALK
THROUGH THOSE
ASYLUM GATES...

WHEN I WALK
INTO ARKHAM
AND THE
DOORS CLOSE
BEHIND ME...

IT'LL BE
JUST LIKE
COMING
HOME.




I return to the family home on a cool spring morning in 1920, shortly after mother's FUNERAL.

She opened her own throat with a pearl-handled razor.

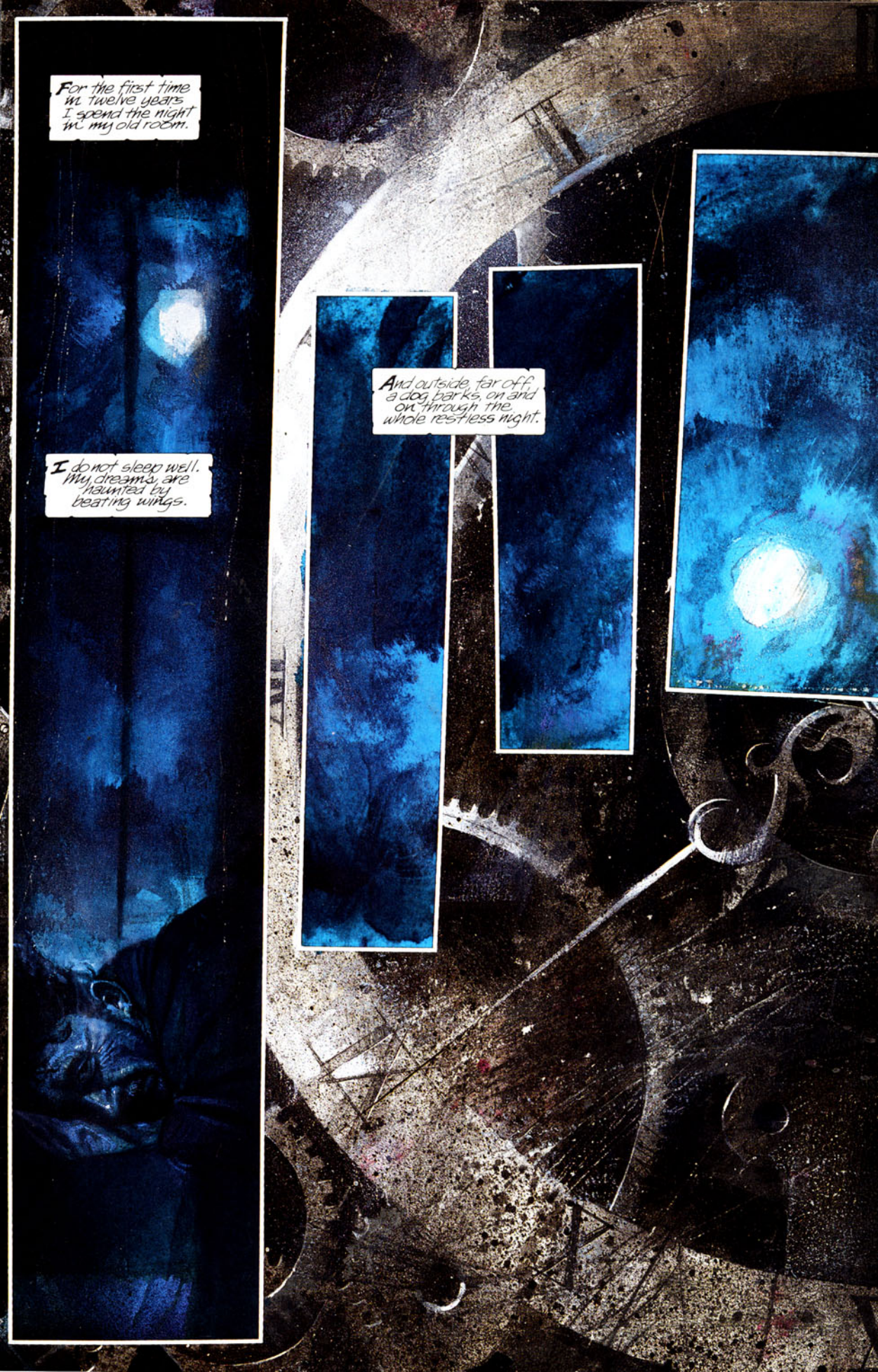
In the end, perhaps, it was for the best. I have to believe that.

As the only child, I am to inherit the house and the acre of land upon which it stands.



Alone in a gloom that smells of dust and childhood, I dedicate myself to the prevention of such suffering as my poor mother knew.


And I begin to make my plans.



*For the first time
in twelve years
I spend the night
in my old room.*

*I do not sleep well.
My dreams are
haunted by
beating wings.*

*And outside, far off,
a dog barks, on and
on through the
whole restless night.*



Next day, I return to
METROPOLIS, where
my family and I have
been living for some
time.

I'm working at the State
Psychiatric Hospital and
one of my patients today
has been referred to me
from Metropolis Penitentiary.



His name is
**MARTIN
HAWKINS.**

"**MAD DOG**"
HAWKINS.

I listen as he tells me how he was beaten and sexually abused by his father.

I ask him why he chose to destroy only the faces and sexual organs of his victims.

JUST TO FEEL.

JUST TO FEEL SOMETHING.

IT WAS THE VIRGIN MARY'S IDEA.

SHE SAYS IT'S THE BEST WAY TO STOP THE DIRTY SLUTS SPREADING THEIR DISEASE.


And I ask him why he cuts his arms with a razor.

After two hours he is taken back to the penitentiary to await trial.

How many more like him must there be?

Men whose only real crime is mental illness, trapped in the penal system with no hope of treatment.

My course is clear.



*I tell my dear Constance
and little Harriet
that we will shortly
be returning to my
family home in Gotham
City, there to begin its
conversion into a
facility for the treatment
of the mentally ill.*



*That night I dream
I own a CHILD again.*



Lost in a
FUNHOUSE,
I find
myself in
the Hall of
Mirrors.

There are strangers
in the mirrors and I
freeze, not daring to
go any further.

Not
through
that
door.

At last, my father
comes looking for
me. I beg him not
to take me into
the tunnel of love.
We return by the
way we entered.

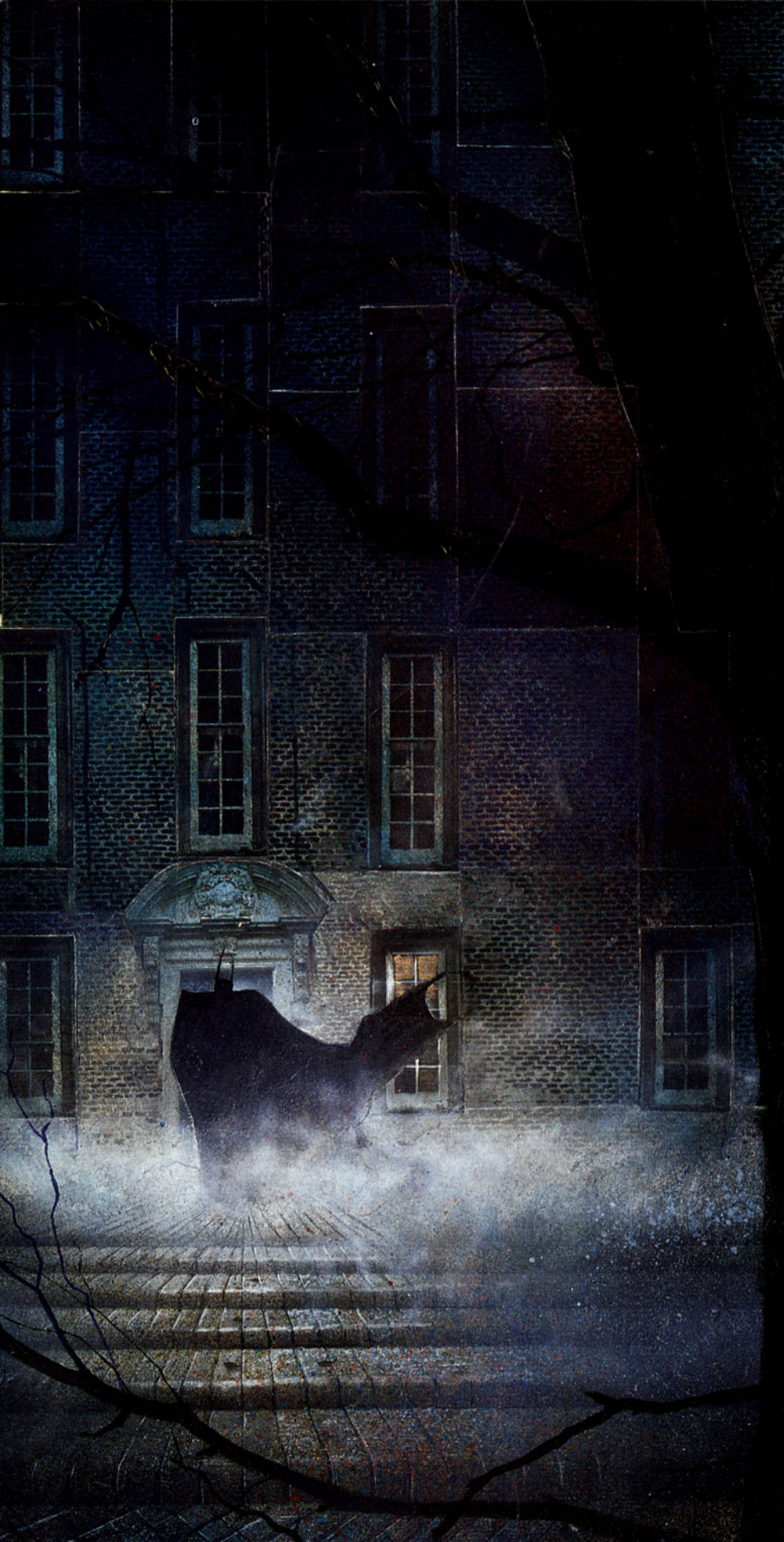
That night I dream that the
mirror people have ESCAPED
from the glass and come
looking for me.

I wake, sweating and adult,
and for a moment.

Just a moment.

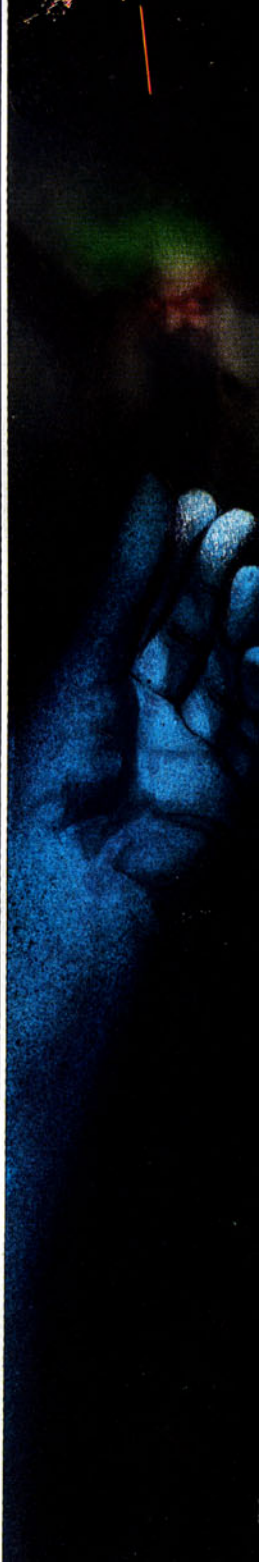
I feel as though I'm
back. Where I BELONG.

Back in the
old house.



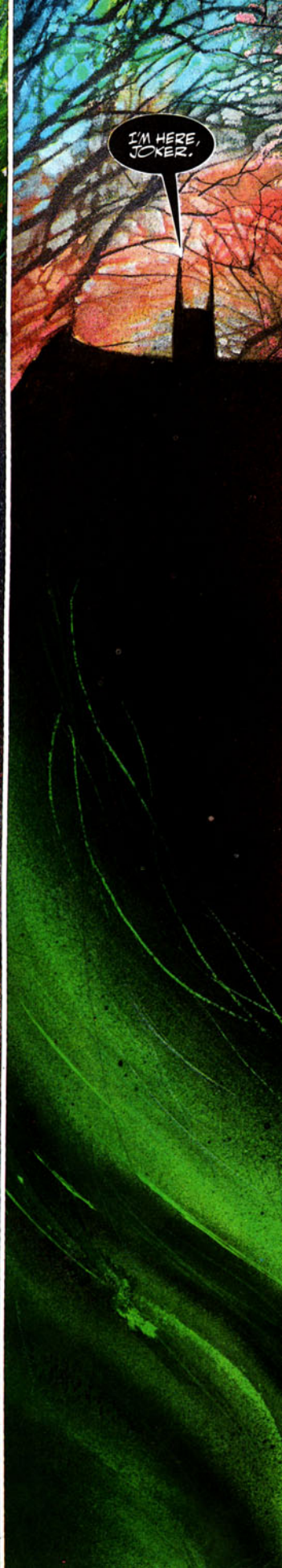
IT'S GALT

WHY DON'T YOU
SPRINKLE SOME
ON ME HONEY?





AREN'T I JUST
GOOD ENOUGH
TO EAT?



I'M HERE,
JOKER.



A close-up of a black and white photograph showing a series of red, stylized, handwritten characters, possibly "HA HA HA HA HA", against a dark background. The characters are bold and expressive, with some ink bleeding into the dark surface.





MILLION
OF
ROBINS!

EINSTEIN WAS
WRONG! I'M
THE SPEED OF
LIGHT
CRACKING
THROUGH
SHIVERY ATOMS
AND GOD THE
SKY WHIPS
AND WHIPS
LIKE A
MELTING
RAINBOW!

NO ROOM!
NO ROOM!

FATHER DEAR
FATHER I
WANT TO CONFESS

Take

CHRISTIE CORDAY

SOME SAY
GOD IS
AN INSECT.

Take

CHRISTIE CORDAY

WHO
KILLED
GANDHI

OH DADDY
MAKE HIM
STOP!
HE'S HURTING ME!
THE DOGS HURTING
ME!

Blood and...

Dictator
of
the Rats

Origins?

DIRT EVERYWHERE!

CHRIST LOOK AT IT!

TIME AND TALES
STRENGTH IN FIFTY

I believe
God is
in man.

...WELL
...A BOY'S
BEST FRIEND
IS HIS
MOTHER.

"LET THE FEAST OF FOOLS BEGIN!"

MILLIONS
OF ROBINS

EINSTEIN WAS
WRONG. I'M
THE SPEED OF
LIGHT
CRACKING
THROUGH
SHIVERY ATOMS
AND GOD THE
SAY WHIRLS
AND WHISPERS
LIKE A
MELTING
RAINBOW!

NO ROOM!
NO ROOM!

FATHER DEAR
FATHER I
HAND TO CONFESS

Take

Take

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

SOME SAY
GOD IS
AN INSECT.

my

"LET THE FEAST OF

HE KILLED COMBI

OH DADDY
MAKE HIM STOP!
HE'S HURTING ME!
THE DOG'S HURTING
ME!

BLOOD and...

Dictator
of
the Rats

Overges?



PIST EVERYWHERE!

CHRIST LOOK AT IT

TIME AND TALKS
STRENGTH in PISTY.



ST PAST!

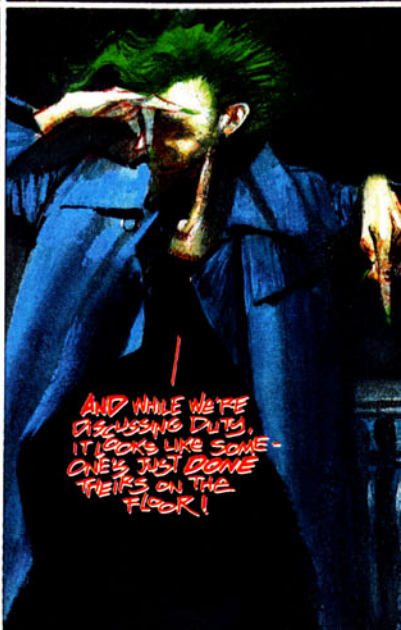


I
Believe
God
is
in
MAN.



...WELL
...A DOG'S
BEST FRIEND
IS HIS
MOTHER.

FOOL @ BEGIN!"





OH JESUS, HARVEY!
IS IT YOU AGAIN?
YOU'RING TO
RUN MY HEELS?

I'M SORRY...
I COULDN'T
HELP IT...

...IT TAKES SO LONG
TO DECIDE... SO
MANY OPTIONS...
I'M REALLY
SORRY.

I
THINK.



PLEASE,
MISS!

TWO-FACE HAS
FESSED
HIMSELF
AS A LUN!



TWO-FACE?



EXCUSE ME, BATMAN, BUT WE'D
REALLY PREFER IT IF YOU CALL
HARVEY DENT BY HIS REAL
NAME.



WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
TO HIM?

DONE?

HE'S BEING CURED.
THIS PLACE IS A HOSPITAL,
BATMAN, AND WE'RE HERE
TO TREAT PEOPLE, IN CASE
YOU'D FORGOTTEN.



BUT RIGHT NOW, HE CAN'T EVEN MAKE A SIMPLE DECISION, LIKE GOING TO THE BATHROOM, WITHOUT CONSULTING THE CARDS?

SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE EFFECTIVELY *DESTROYED* THE MAN'S PERSONALITY, DOCTOR.



SOMETIMES WE HAVE TO PULL DOWN IN ORDER TO RE-BUILD, BATMAN.



PSYCHIATRY'S LIKE THAT.



YOU MUST ADMIT IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE THIS PLACE BEING CONDUCTIVE TO *ANYONE'S* MENTAL HEALTH.



YOU'RE GOING TO HIT ME WITH ALL THE LOCAL *FOLKLORE* NOW, RIGHT?

SECRET PASSAGES, THE GHOST OF MAD AMADEUS ARKHAM, THE DOOR THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BLEED. *GOTHIC CRAP.*



WELL, YOU'LL PARDON ME FOR SAYING, BUT YOUR TECHNIQUES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HAD MUCH EFFECT ON THE *JOKER*.



THE JOKER'S A *SPECIAL* CASE. SOME OF US FEEL HE MAY BE *BEYOND* TREATMENT.

IN FACT, WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE IF HE CAN BE PROPERLY DEFINED AS *INSANE*.



HIS LATEST CLAIM IS THAT HE'S POSSESSED BY *BARON GHEDE*, THE *VOODOO* *LAA*.



WE'RE BEGINNING TO THINK IT MAY BE A NEUROLOGICAL DISORDER, SIMILAR TO *TOURETTE'S SYNDROME*.



IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE WE MAY ACTUALLY BE LOOKING AT SOME KIND OF *SUPER-SANITY* HERE.

A BRILLIANT NEW MODIFICATION OF HUMAN PERCEPTION, MORE SUITED TO URBAN LIFE AT THE END OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



TELL *THAT* TO HIS VICTIMS.

UNLIKE YOU AND I, THE JOKER SEEMS TO HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE SENSORY INFORMATION HE'S RECEIVING FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



HE CAN ONLY COPE WITH THAT CHAOTIC BARRAGE OF INPUT BY GOING WITH THE *FLOW*.

THAT'S WHY SOME DAYS HE'S A MISCHIEVOUS CLOWN, OTHERS A PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER. HE **HAS** NO REAL PERSONALITY.



HE **CREATES** HIMSELF EACH DAY.

HE SEES HIMSELF AS THE LORD OF MISRULE, AND THE WORLD AS A THEATRE OF THE ABSURD.



WE... ANH!...

CARD GAMES, DR. RUTH?
YOU KNOW ME, I JUST **ADDRE** CARD GAMES!



WELL, I SEE TWO ANGELS SCREWING IN THE STRATOSPHERE, A CONSTELLATION OF BLACK HOLES, A BIOLOGICAL PROCESS BEYOND THE CONCEPTION OF MAN, A JEWISH VENTRILOQUIST ACT LOCKED IN THE TRUNK OF A RED CHEVROLET...



WHAT ABOUT YOU, SATMAN?



WHAT DO YOU SEE?







NOTHING.

I DON'T
SEE ANY-
THING.



NOT EVEN A
CUTE LITTLE
LONG-LEGGED
BOY IN
SWIMMING
TRUNKS?



STOP WASTING
TIME, YOU UGLY,
PRANCING
BASTARD!

WELL, HE IS *OURS* TOO,
YOU KNOW. THAT'S IF
YOU DON'T MIND...



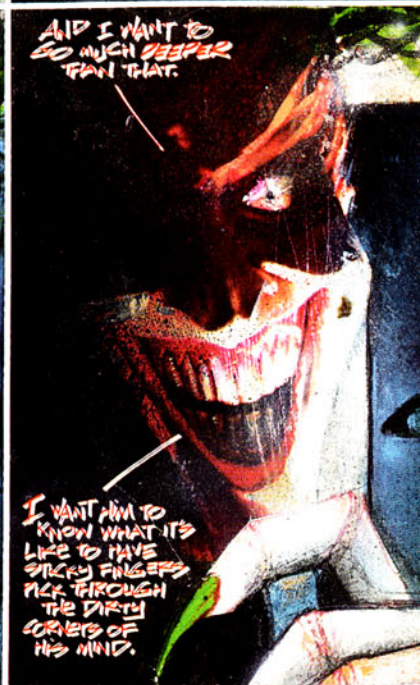
I SAY WE
TAKE OFF
HIS MASK.

I WANT
TO SEE HIS
REAL FACE.



YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SO
PREDICTABLE,
FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE!

THAT IS HIS
REAL FACE.



AID I WANT TO
GO MUCH DEEPER
THAN THAT.

I WANT HIM TO
KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO HAVE
STICKY FINGERS
PICK THROUGH
THE DIRTY
CORNERS OF
HIS MIND.



SO LET'S START WITH
A WORD ASSOCIATION
TEST, SHALL WE?

RUFIE?



I DON'T REALLY
WANT TO DO THIS...

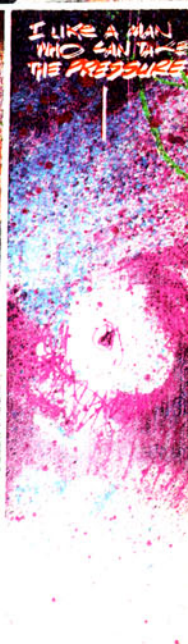
GO AHEAD,
DR. ADAMS.
I'M NOT
AFRAID.

IT'S JUST
WORDS.



THAT'S THE
SPRINT
CHITMAN!

STICKS AND
STONES



I LIKE A MAN
WHO CAN TAKE
THE PRESSURE

"Michael and his angels fought
against the dragon; and the
dragon fought and his angels.

"And the Great Dragon was
cast out, that old serpent,
called 'the Devil', and Satan,
which deceiveth the whole
world."

Just as the Archangel
subdued the Old Dragon,
so shall I bend this house
to my will.

I will bring light to those dismal
corridors of my childhood. I
will open up the locked doors
and fill the empty rooms.

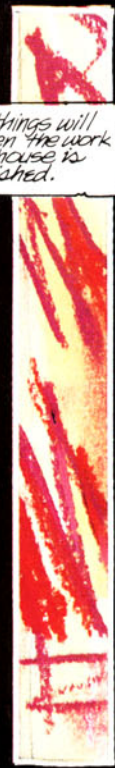
And set above it all
an image of the triumph
of reason over the
irrational.



Harriet is plagued by NIGHTMARES.



I blame the LEWIS CARROLL,
but she will insist on
reading and rereading the
books.



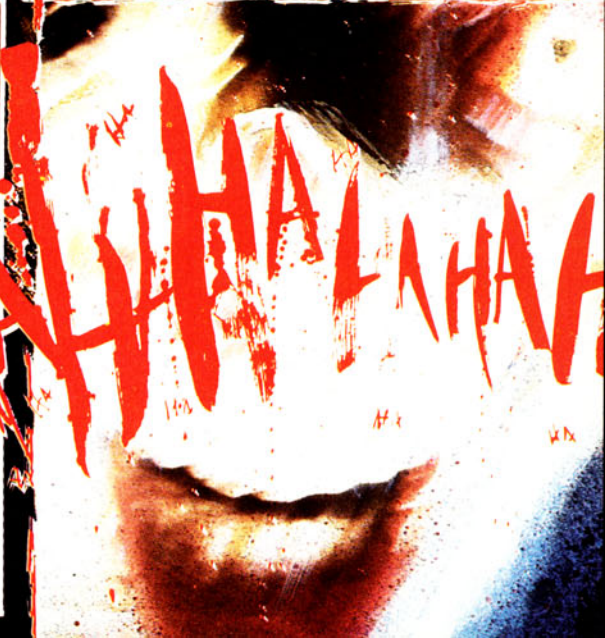
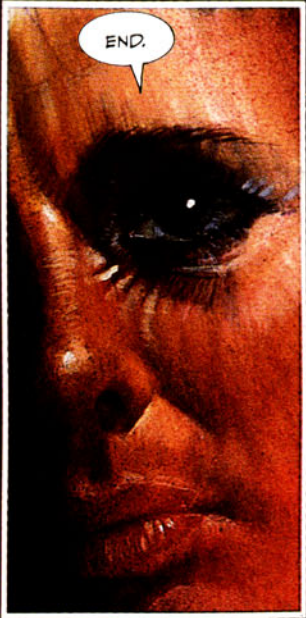
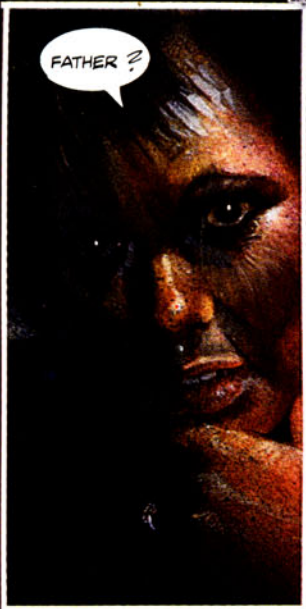
Perhaps things will
settle when the work
on the house is
finished.

perhaps.



One of the workmen,
must have dropped it.





In the fall of 1920
I am invited to
EUROPE.

I finally meet
PROFESSOR JUNG
in Switzerland.

And in England, I am introduced
to the so-called "Wickedest Man
On Earth"--Aleister Crowley.

I find him charming and
highly educated.
We discuss the symbolism
of the Egyptian tarot and
he beats me at CHESS.

Twice.

I run out of French cigarettes
in the Mid-Atlantic.

*In the fall of 1920
I am invited to
EUROPE.*

*I finally meet
PROFESSOR JUNG
in Switzerland.*

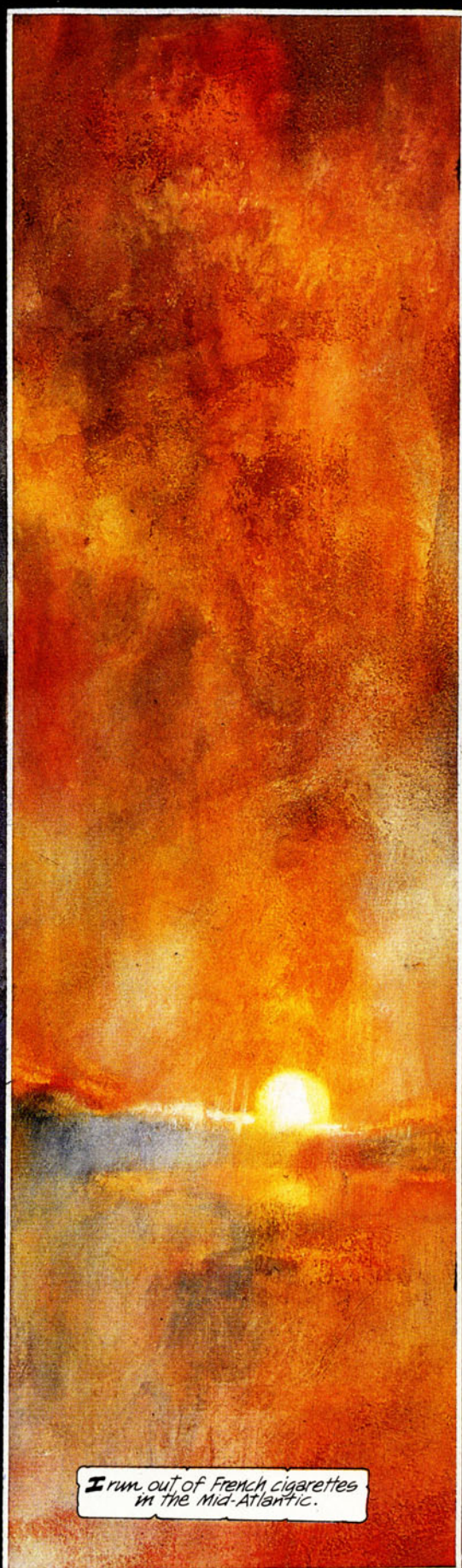
*And in England, I am introduced
to the so-called "Wickedest Man
On Earth"--Aleister Crowley.*





I find him charming and highly educated. We discuss the symbolism of the Egyptian Tarot and he beats me at CHESS.

Twice.



I run out of French cigarettes in the Mid-Atlantic.

I arrive home in time for Christmas and find the conversion of the house to be well under way.

Constance surprises me with a wonderful addition to my AQUARIUM.

When a dominant female DIES, one of the males in her entourage will actually change SEX and assume her former role.

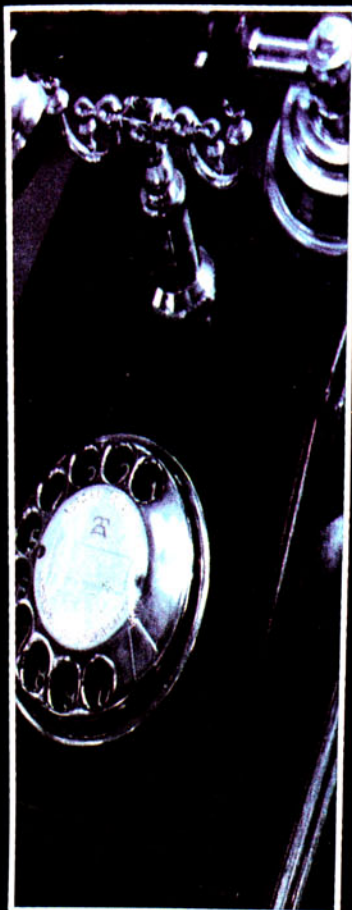
For some reason, I am reminded of the French name for the victim of an April Fool prank.

*POISSON
D'AVRIL.
April
FISH.*

*I experience an
inexplicable frisson
of DEJA VU.*

*Japanese CLOWN FISH
are a fascinating species.*

*And then the
telephone rings.*





It transpires that Martin Hawkins has escaped from the Penitentiary and the Police would like my considered opinion as to his state of mind.

I tell them he may be highly dangerous and I leave them to it.

It's not my problem.

Not tonight.



IS SOMETHING WRONG?

NO. IT'S NOTHING.

NOTHING AT ALL.



Harriet is enchanted by the Cuckoo Clock. I have brought her from Switzerland.

I pray that it might take her mind from the bad dreams.



Then I remind myself that all intelligent children suffer bad dreams.



And she is so very intelligent.

And perfectly beautiful.



I almost wish she need never grow up.



IT'S GETTING
LATE.



TIME TO BEGIN THE
EVENING ENTERTAINMENT,
I THINK.

IF YOU'RE
FEELING
UP TO IT.

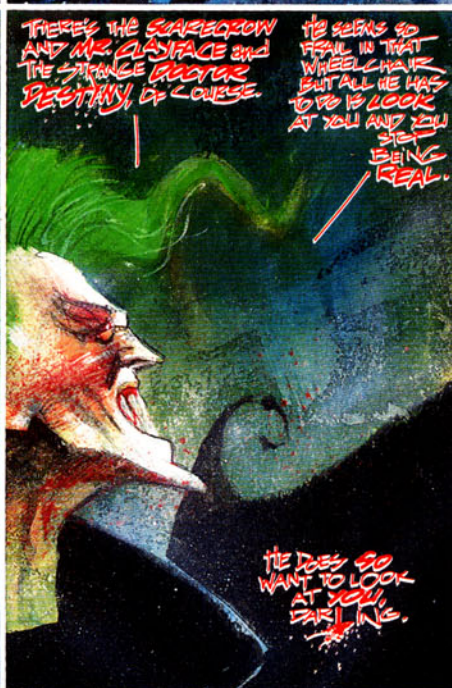
UP
TO
WHAT?



A NICE, LITTLE GAME
OF HIDE AND SEEK.

YOU HAVE ONE HOUR,
SWEETHEART, AND
THERE'S NO WAY OUT
OF THE BUILDING.

ONE HOUR
BEFORE ALL
YOUR FRIENDS
COME
LOOKING
FOR YOU.



THERE'S THE SCARECROW
AND MR. CLAYFACE AND
THE STRANGE DOCTOR
DESTINY, OF COURSE.

HE SEEMS SO
REAL IN THAT
WHEELCHAIR
BUT ALL HE HAS
TO DO IS LOOK
AT YOU AND YOU
WILL
BE
REAL.

HE DOES SO
WANT TO LOOK
AT YOU,
DARLING.



OH, AND
DON'T
LET
ME
FORGET
SCAR.
HE CAME
UP OUT OF
THAT DAMP,
DARK
CELLAR THIS
MORNING,
DISMISSING
HIS CHAINS
BEHIND HIM.

THEY ALL WANT TO SEE
YOU, SO WHY DON'T YOU
JUST RUN ALONG NOW!



I DON'T
TAKE ORDERS
FROM YOU.

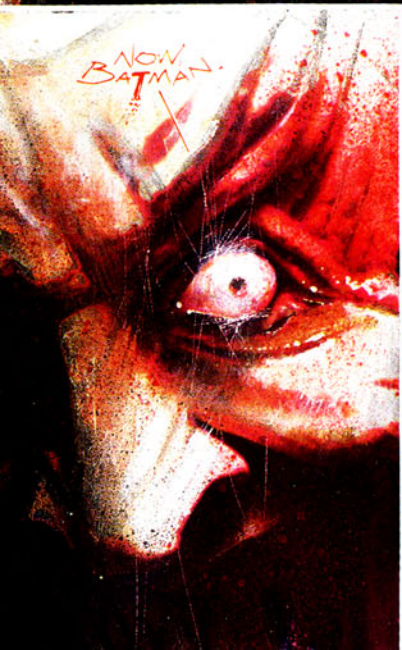
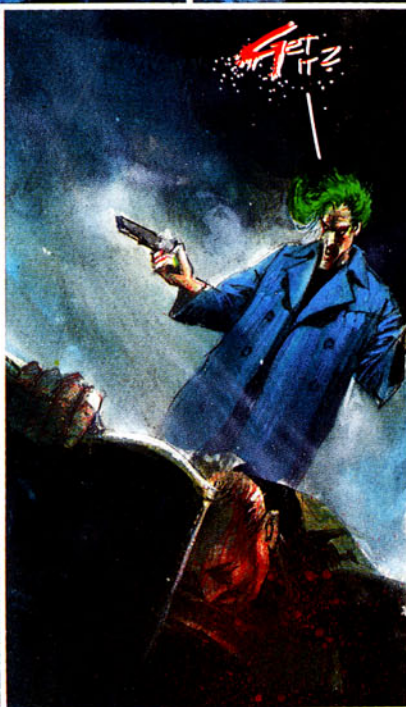
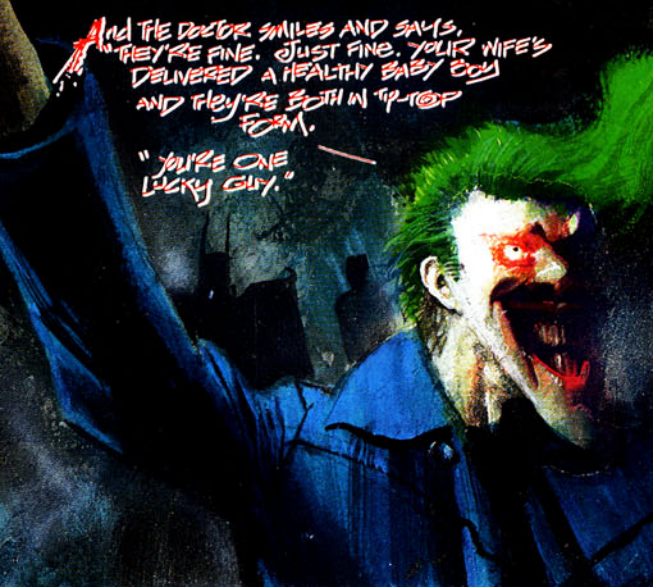


WELL...

THIS GUY GOES INTO THE
HOSPITAL, CRAVY... HIS WIFE'S
JUST HAD A BABY AND HE
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THEM!
BOTH.



SO HE MEETS THE DOCTOR
AND HE SAYS, "OH, SEC,
I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED.
HOW ARE THEY?"







"LEAVING YOU."



"RIGHT HERE."

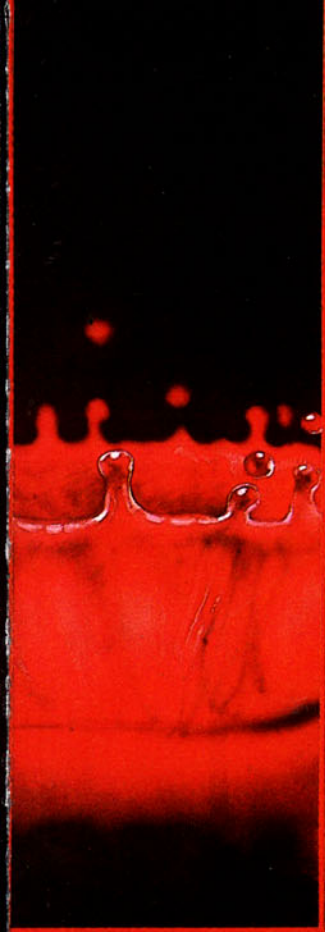


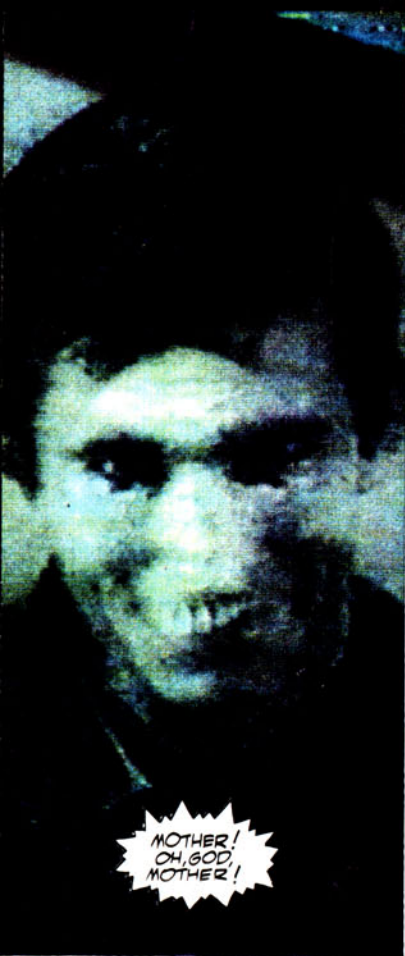
"RIGHT"



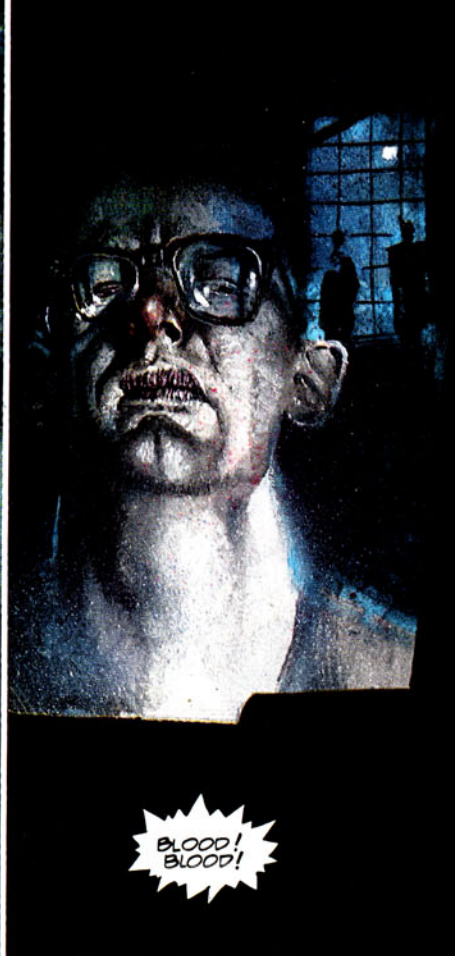
"HERE."



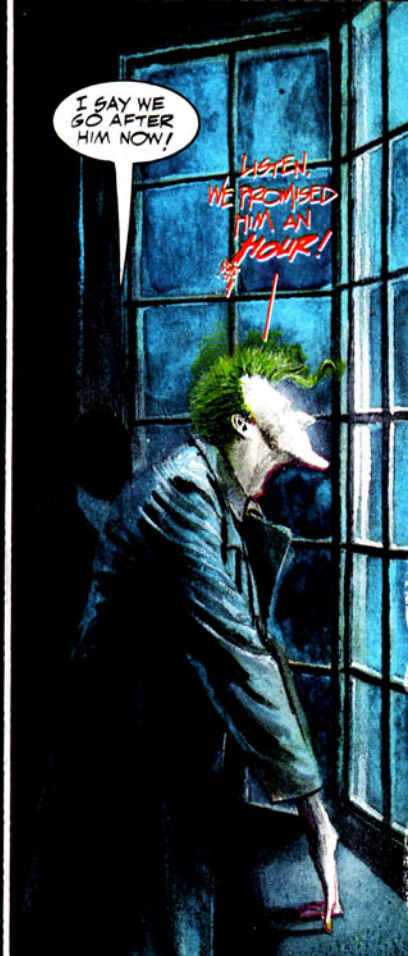




MOTHER!
OH, GOD,
MOTHER!



BLOOD!
BLOOD!



I SAY WE
GO AFTER
HIM NOW!

LISTEN!
WE PROMISED
HIM AN
HOUR!



HE'S ONLY
BEEN GONE
TEN MINUTES!

THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!



WHAT DO YOU
THINK, DENT?



THE MOON
IS SO
BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT?



IT'S A BIG
SILVER DOLLAR,
FLIPPED BY
GOD.

AND IT LANDED
SCARRED SIDE
UP, SEE ?



SO HE
MADE THE
WORLD.

JESUS CHRIST! CAN'T
I GET A DECENT
CONVERSATION IN
THIS PLACE ?



YOU'RE ALL
INSANE!



JO-KER!

WE'RE
BORED!



OH ALL
RIGHT
THEN!



LET'S JUST
~~PRETEND~~
IT'S BEEN
AN HOUR.

*Spring is a deceitful
season and April 1st,
1921 is cold.*

*Mercilessly
cold.*



CONNIE ?

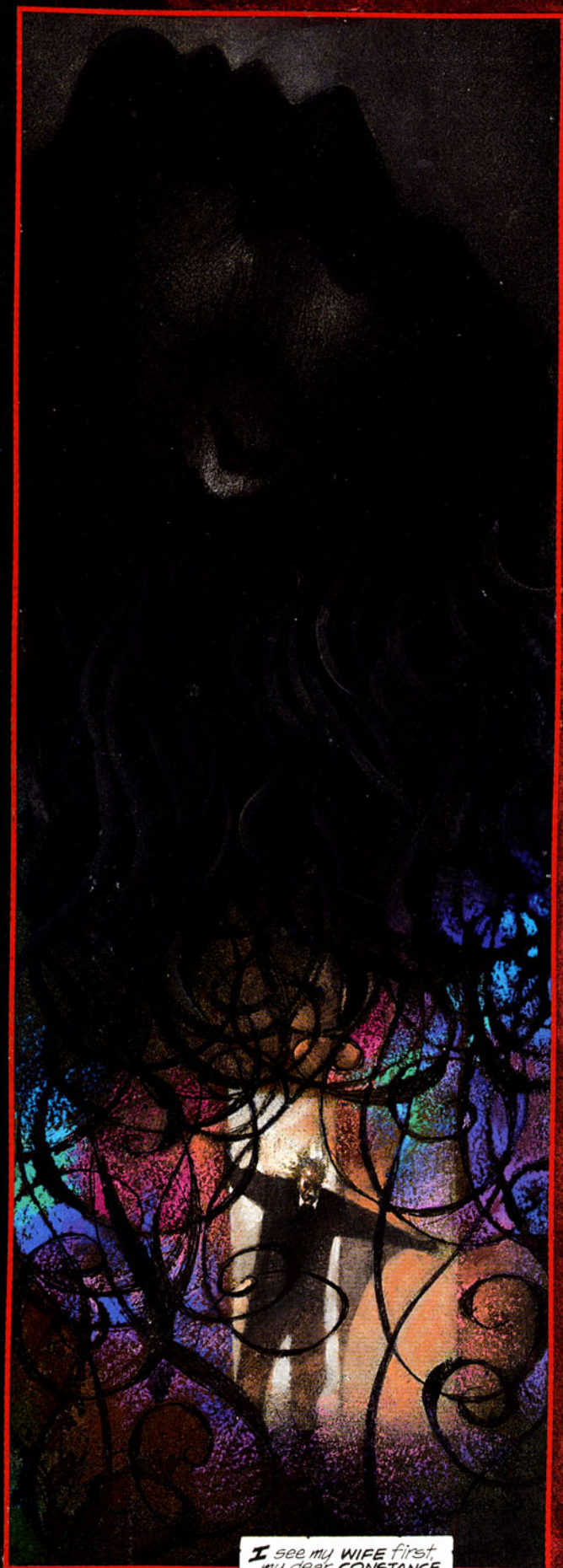
DID YOU KNOW
THE FRONT DOOR
WAS WIDE
OPEN ?



CONNIE ?

ARE YOU
IN...





*I see my WIFE first
my dear CONSTANCE.*



*Her body is in
PIECES.*

*Harriet lies nearby,
indescribably
violated.*



*ALMOST IDLY,
I wonder
where her
HEAD IS.*



*And then
I look at
the doll's
house.*




And the
doll's
house

Looks


Me.

At







Slowly, methodically,
I put on my mother's
wedding dress and I
kneel down in
that nursery
sanctuary.




It all seems
perfectly
rational.




Perfectly, perfectly
rational.



Later, I find myself
sobbing, choking,
retching into the
lavatory bowl.




Is this what it all
comes down to--all
our dreams and hopes
and aspirations?




Nothing but vomit?




Oh God, I'm afraid.



I'm so afraid.




I think I may
be ill.




*Slowly, methodically,
I put on my mother's
wedding dress and I
kneel down
in that nursery
spatter.*

*It all seems
perfectly
rational.*

*Perfectly, perfectly
rational.*



Later, I find myself
sobbing, choking,
retching into the
levatory bowl.




Is this what it all
comes down to—all
our dreams and hopes
and aspirations?



Nothing but VOMIT?

Oh God, I'm AFRAID.

I'm so afraid.



I think I may
be ill.



SICK.



SICK.



SICK.



MY SKIN IS
~~SICK~~,
BAT-MAN.



IT'S
ROTTEN
AND
SEEPING.



ONLY YOU CAN
HELP ME.



BAT. MAN.

DON'T TOUCH ME.



I JUST WANT TO SHARE MY DISEASE.



DON'T.



OHMM.



DON'T TOUCH ME!



Ahh...



Oh JESUS CHRIST My LEG!



OH MY

NO... WAIT!...



CLAYFACE?

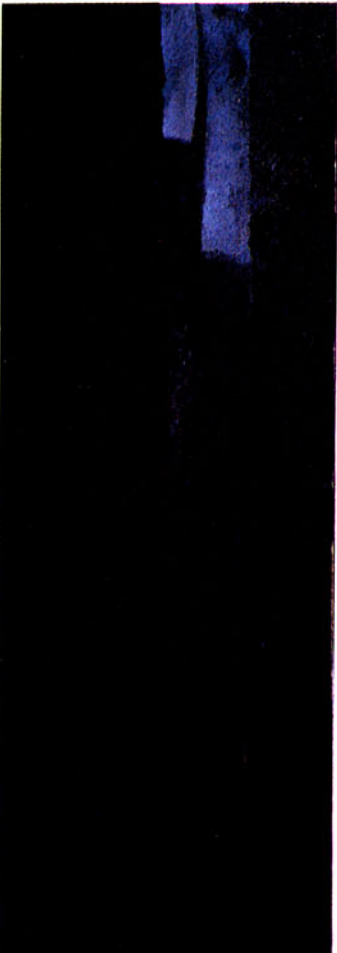


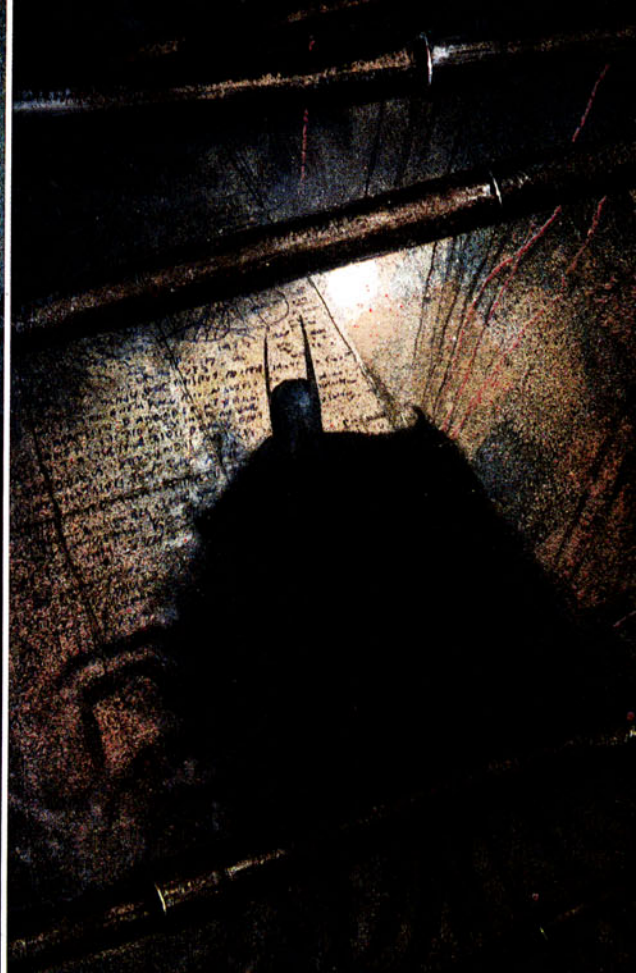
CLAYFACE,
WHERE
ARE YOU?

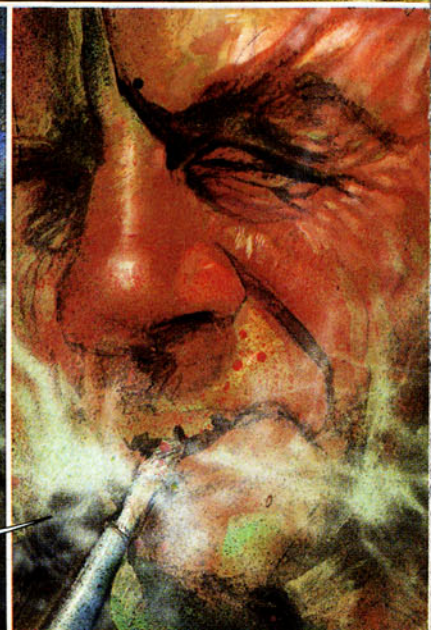


*DON'T ANSWER
THEN, YOU DIRTY
ROTTING BASTARD!
I DON'T NEED YOU!*











NOW, WHERE WAS I?

WHERE AM I?

WHERE WILL I BE?



Ah yes, the apparent disorder
of the universe is simply a
HIGHER order, an **IMPlicate**
order beyond our
comprehension.



THAT'S WHY
CHILDREN...
INTEREST
ME.

THEY'RE ALL **MAD**,
you see. But in
each of them is an
implicate adult.
Order out of
chaos.

OR IS IT THE OTHER
WAY AROUND?



TO KNOW THEM
IS TO KNOW
MYSELF.

LITTLE GIRLS,
ESPECIALLY.



LITTLE
BLONDE
GIRLS.

LITTLE SHAMELESS
BITCHES!

Oh God.

GOD HELP US ALL!



SOMETIMES...
SOMETIMES I
THINK THE
ASYLUM IS A
Head.

WE'RE INSIDE
A HUGE HEAD
THAT DREAMS
US ALL INTO
BEING.




Perhaps it's
your head,
batman.




ARKHAM IS A
LOOKING
GLASS.



AND **WE**
ARE **you**.



*In spite of everything, the
Elizabeth Arkham Asylum
for the Criminally Insane
opens its doors officially
on schedule, in November 1921.*



*One of my first
patients is
Martin Hawkins.*

"Mad Dog."

He delights in recounting to me every detail of the atrocities he inflicted upon Constance and Harriet.

He giggles and drools and tells me they begged him to abuse them. He calls my daughter a whore.

And I listen.

I treat him for six months. I am praised for my courage and compassion.

And on April 1st, 1922-- one year to the day-- I strap him into the electroshock couch.

And I BURN the filthy bastard.

It is treated as an accident. These things happen.

There is ozone and the smell of burned skin in my nostrils.

But I feel nothing.

I take to patrolling the corridors between the hours of three and four in the morning.

I visit the secret room often, in order that I might keep my journal up to date.

ROUTINE is important, I think. A good routine diverts the mind from morbid imaginings.

Sometimes I am sure I hear hysterical LAUGHTER from a cell I know to be empty.

I tape over
the MIRROR
in my
study.



The laughter
ceases.



And I return
to my ritual
perambulations.

My movements
through the
house have become
as formalised as
BALLET and I
feel that I have
become an essential
part of some
incomprehensible
biological process.

The house is an
organism, hungry
for madness.

It is the
maze that
dreams.

And I
am
LOST.







AH.

A
PILGRIM.

COME INTO
MY PRESENCE,
PILGRIM.



GAZE UPON THE
LORD THY GOD.



MORE

PLEASE

DO IT
AGAIN.



ZEUS ARRHENOTHELLUS.
PART MAN, PART WOMAN.
ELECTRICITY ENFLAMES
MY BRAIN. VOLTAGE.
CURRENT.

THE FIRE OF
HEAVEN.

LOOK HERE.



I'VE SAVED IT
ALL. THERE'S
POWER IN IT,
YOU SEE.



ELECTRICITY.



AHH.

GIFT OF MY BODY, DIVINE.
FERTILE. IT SHALL TRANSFORM
THE DRY LANDS OF *AFRICA*
INTO THE PERFUMED ORCHARDS
OF *PARADISE* AND MEN WILL
WORSHIP ME ANEW.




FOR I AM
ZELUS.
LORD OF
ECT.
GOD OF
ELECTRIC
RETRIBUTION.




I GIVE, SO
THAT THOU
SHOULDST
GIVE.

HERE,
MY
GIFT
TO
YOU.



DO YOU
WANT
POWER?

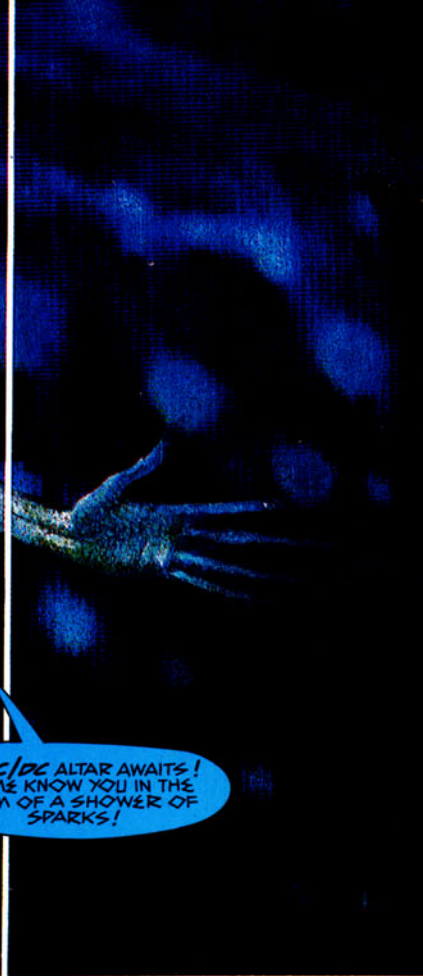


I CAN GIVE
YOU POWER.

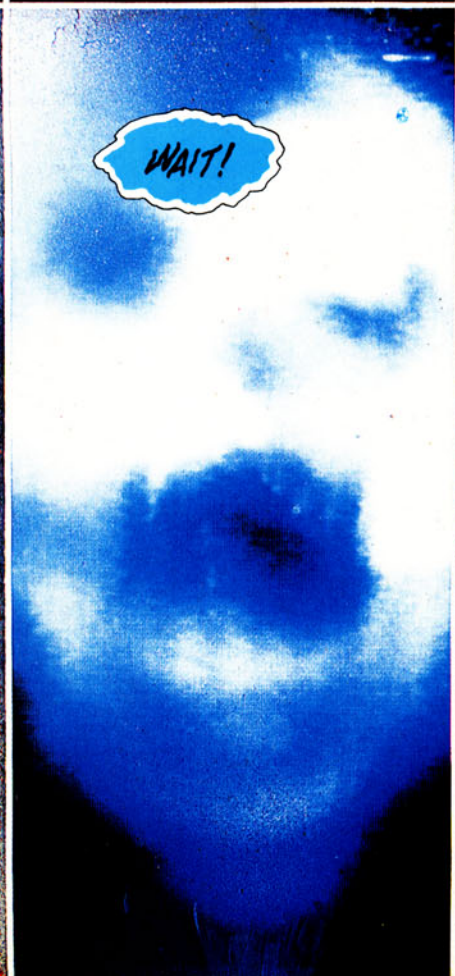


EAT.
DRINK.

THIS IS MY BODY.
THIS IS MY BLOOD.



THE AC/DC ALTAR AWAITS!
LET ME KNOW YOU IN THE
FORM OF A SHOWER OF
SPARKS!



WAIT!



Shocked by my "ill health,"
some friends take me
to the opera--
Wagner's **PARSIFAL**.

Don't they
understand?

Can't they see I'm
breaking in a
thousand places?

Time

Time becomes

Strange.

Forty minutes have passed since I ingested three portions of the AMANITA mushroom.



So far, no effect.

Abruptly, I become convinced that the house is alive, and trying to COMMUNICATE with me.



A pressure at the back of my head makes me turn.



In their tiny, contained universe, two vast and shimmering clown fish glide toward one another.



And make the sign of **PISCES**.

PISCES!
The astrological attribution of the moon card in the Tarot pack!

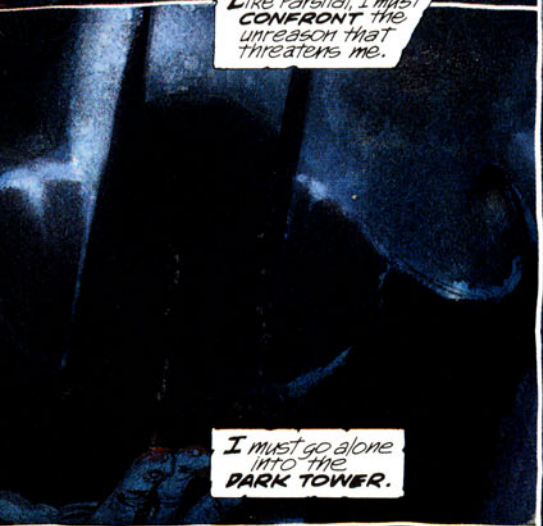
The symbol of trial and initiation.
Death and rebirth.



*I have been shown
the path.*



*I must follow
where it leads.*

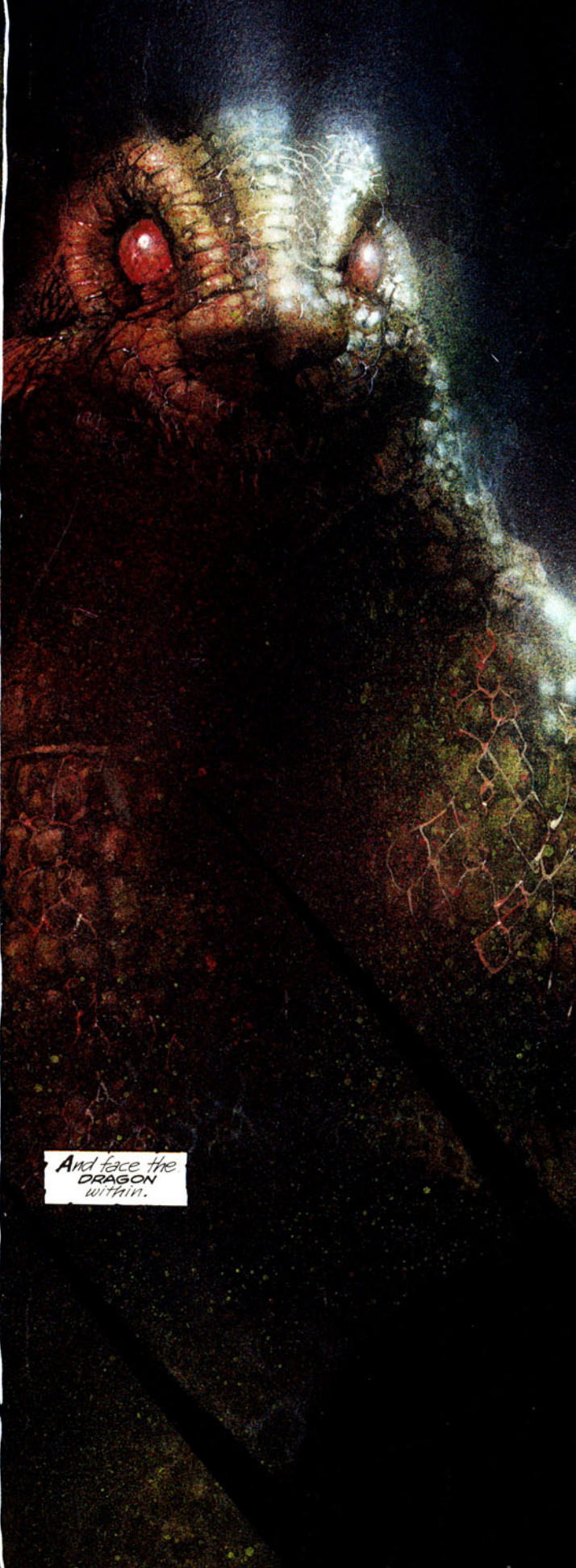


*Like Parsifal, I must
CONFRONT the
unreason that
threatens me.*

*I must go alone
into the
DARK TOWER.*



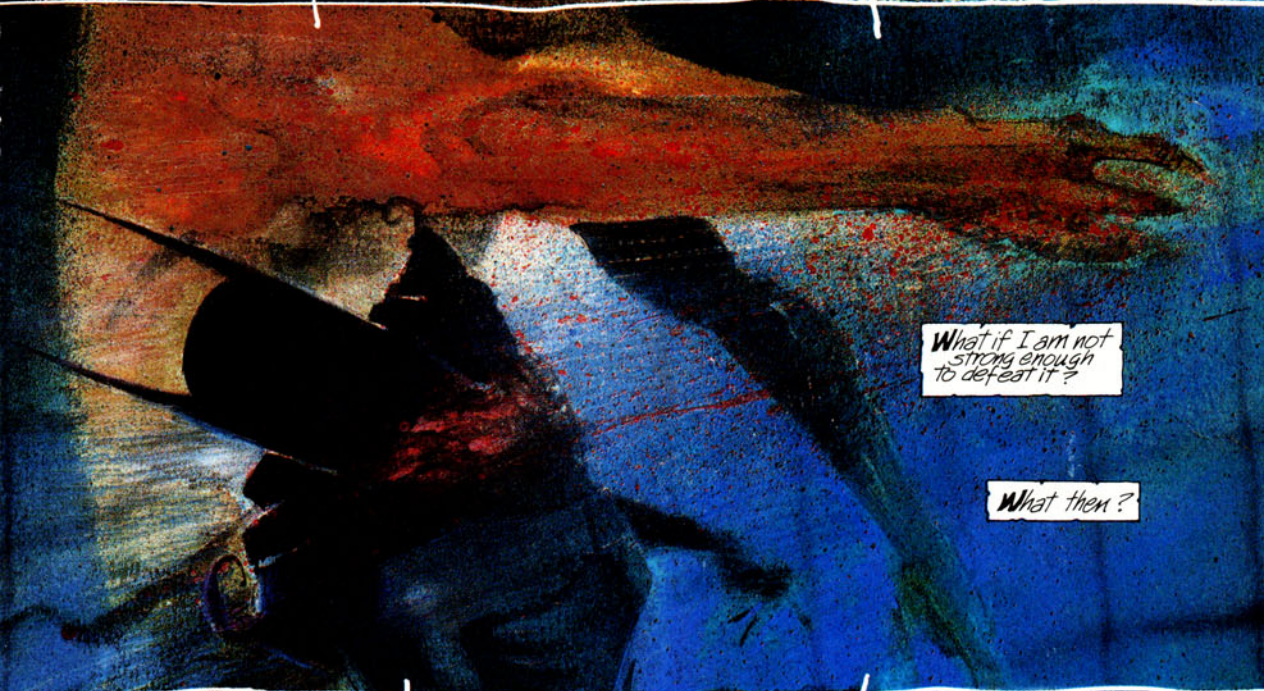
*Without a backward
glance.*



*And face the
DRAGON
within.*

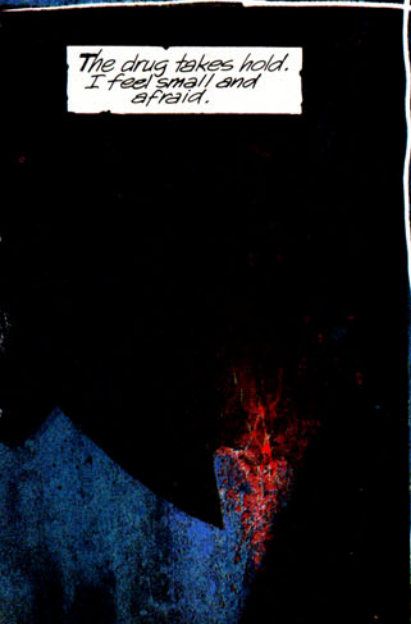


I have only one fear.




*What if I am not
strong enough
to defeat it?*

What then?




*The drug takes hold.
I feel small and
afraid.*



*Perhaps I've done
the wrong thing.*


*Somewhere, not far away,
the dragon hauls its
terrible weight through
the corridors of the
asylum.*




*I am borne up
on a wave of
perfect
TERROR.*



*And the world
explodes.*



*There is
nothing
to hold
onto.*



No anchor.



*Panic-stricken,
I flee.*



*I run blindly
through the
madhouse.*

*And I cannot
even PRAY.*



*For I have
no God.*





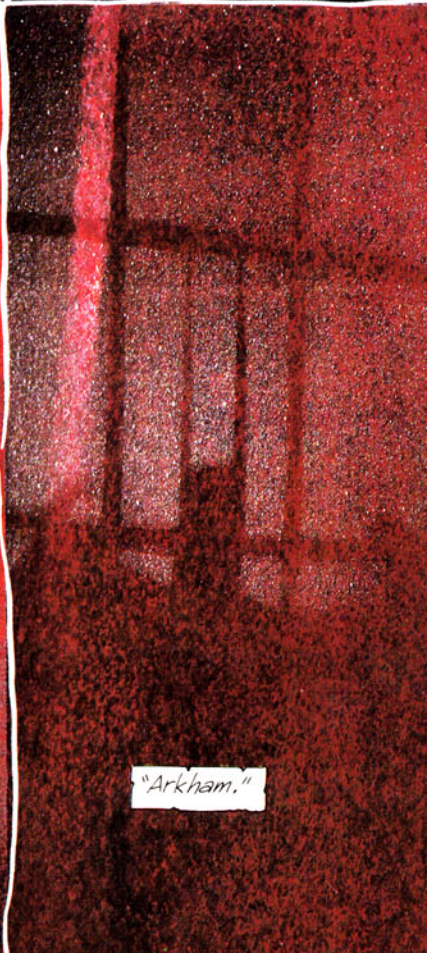
Doors open and close, applauding my flight. Keyholes bleed. A choir of sexually maimed children sings my name over and over again.



"Arkham."



"Arkham."



"Arkham."



I'm falling.



*Oh mother, what
TREE is this?*




*What wounds
are these?*

*I am, Attis
on the pine.*

*Christ on the
cedar.*

*Odin on the
world-ash.*



*"Hung on the windy,
tree, for nine whole
nights wounded with
the spear."*

*"Dedicated
to Odin."*

"Myself to myself."

*I must see my
REFLECTION, to
prove I still
EXIST.*

*Outside I hear the
dragon coming
closer, closer.*


*Desperately, I peel the tape
from the mirror, breaking
my fingernails, strip by strip.*

*Until I stand
revealed in
the glass.*

And I stare into old familiar eyes.




MOTHER!




*I must have **FAINTED**
then, for it is morning
when next I open my
eyes.*


*No longer able to tell
where the dragon
ENDED.*



*And I **BEGIN.***



*Yet am I not the **HERO**,
the Man of Destiny?
Have I not confronted
the Great Dragon?*



*Where then is
my grail?
My treasure
horde?*



My final reward?

GOOD EVENING, BATMAN.



DR. CAVENDISH.

DON'T COME NEAR HIM, BATMAN.

HE... CUT ME...

JUST KEEP BACK.



YOU FREED THE INMATES. YOU ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.

WHY, CAVENDISH?



NOW LISTEN, I ONLY DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

YOU READ THE BOOK ON THE TABLE BESIDE YOU AND YOU'LL SEE.



GO ON. IT'S AMADEUS ARKHAM'S JOURNAL.

GO ON. READ IT. I'VE MARKED THE PLACE FOR YOU.



READ IT. YOU'LL SEE.

And suddenly, the longed-for revelation comes, in the form of a **MEMORY** my mind had suppressed.

*It is 1920. Trees thrash
in the dark under a
restless sky. Rain
rattles the windows.*

Why?

*Why have I
come here?*

*IT'S
HERE!*

IT'S HERE!

*MOTHER, PLEASE,
THERE'S
NOTHING!*

*And why am I
SO AFRAID?*

*EVERY
NIGHT!*

*EVERY
NIGHT!*

*Beneath the bed,
great wings begin
to beat.*

*I am
not
mad.*

*SEE?
THERE?*

*IT'S
COME
FOR ME!*

*I am not
mad.*



*But God help me,
I **SEE** it.*

*I see the thing that
has haunted and
tormented my poor
mother these long
years.*

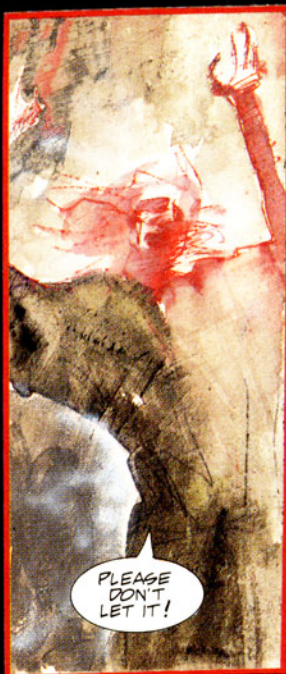
*I **SEE** it.*

*And it is a **BAT**.*

*A **BAT**!*



Oh, my poor Mother.





*I understand now
what my memory
tried to keep from
me.*

*Madness is born
in the blood.
It is my birthright.*

My inheritance.

My DESTINY.



*I shall contain
the presences
that roam these
rooms and narrow
stairways.*



*I shall surround them
with bars and walls and
electrified fences and
pray they never break
free.*

*I am the dragon's
bride, the son of
the widow.*



Leather wings
unfold me.

YOU SEE
NOW?

YOU
UNDERSTAND?



YOU WHO'VE KEPT THIS PLACE
SUPPLIED WITH POOR MAD
SOULS FOR YEARS. YOU
WHO'VE FED THIS HUNG.
HOUSE.

DO YOU
SEE?

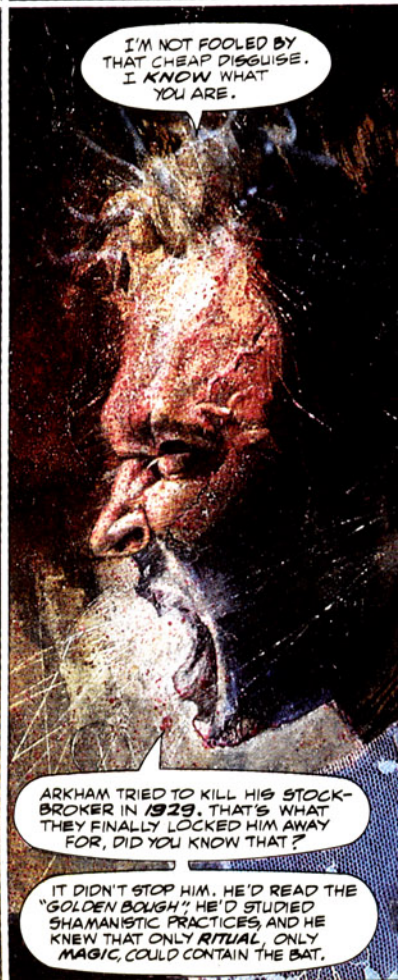
YOU ARE THE
BAT!



NO.



I..I'M
JUST A
MAN



I'M NOT FOOLED BY
THAT CHEAP DISGUISE.
I KNOW WHAT
YOU ARE.

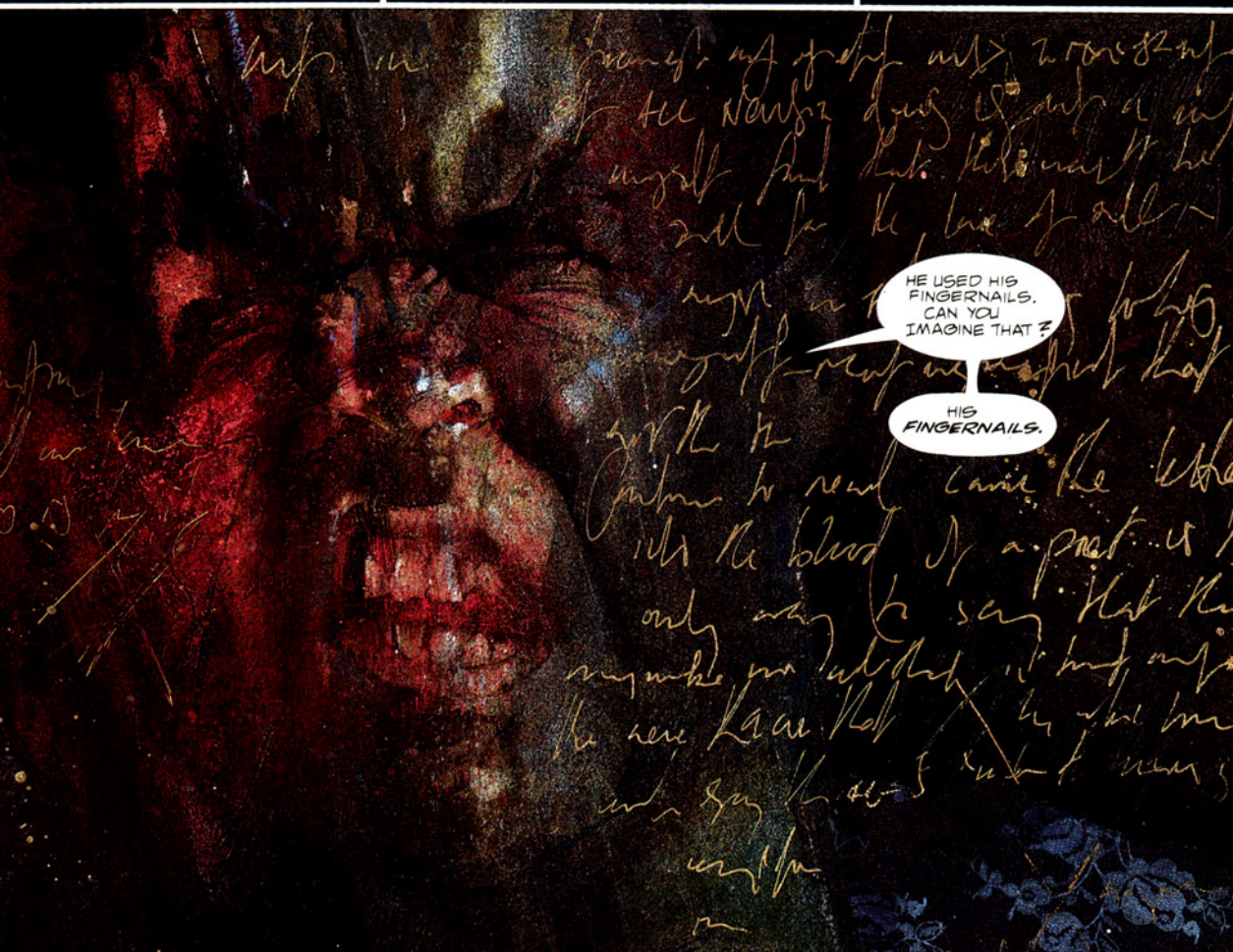
ARKHAM TRIED TO KILL HIS STOCK-
BROKER IN 1929. THAT'S WHAT
THEY FINALLY LOCKED HIM AWAY
FOR, DID YOU KNOW THAT?

IT DIDN'T STOP HIM. HE'D READ THE
"GOLDEN BOUGH" HE'D STUDIED
SHAMANISTIC PRACTICES, AND HE
KNEW THAT ONLY RITUAL, ONLY
MAGIC, COULD CONTAIN THE BAT.




SO DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
HE DID ?

HE **SCRATCHED** A
BINDING SPELL INTO
THE FLOOR OF HIS
CELL.



HE USED HIS
FINGERNAILS.
CAN YOU
IMAGINE THAT ?

HIS
FINGERNAILS.



"IT TOOK YEARS."



BY THE DAWN'S
EARLY LIGHT?...



...O SAY CAN YOU SEE...



*I see now the virtue
in madness, for this
country knows no law
nor any boundary*



*I pity the poor shades confined
to the Euclidean prison that
is sanity*

*All things are possible
here, and I am what
madness has made me*

Whole

And complete

And free at last.

FINISHED.

GET SOMEONE
UP HERE!
QUICKLY!

OH, HIS
HANDS!

WHO IS
THIS MAN,
DOCTOR?

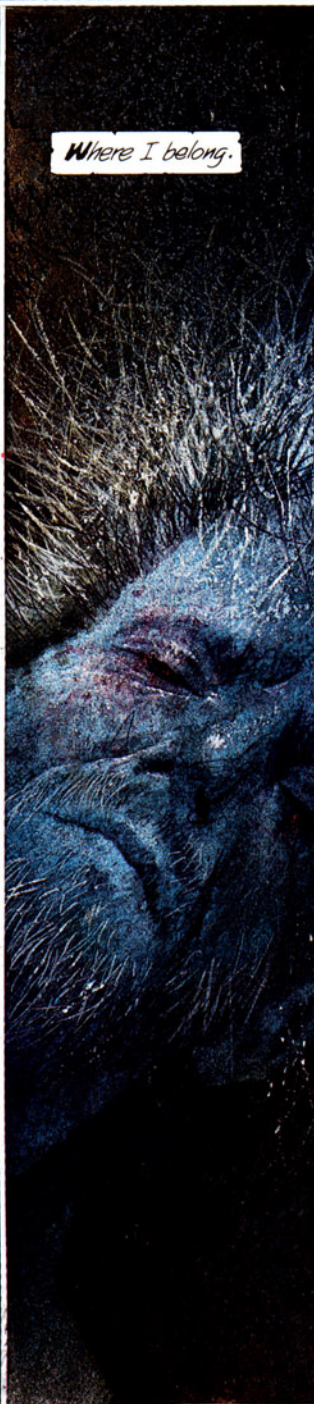
IT'S
FINISHED.



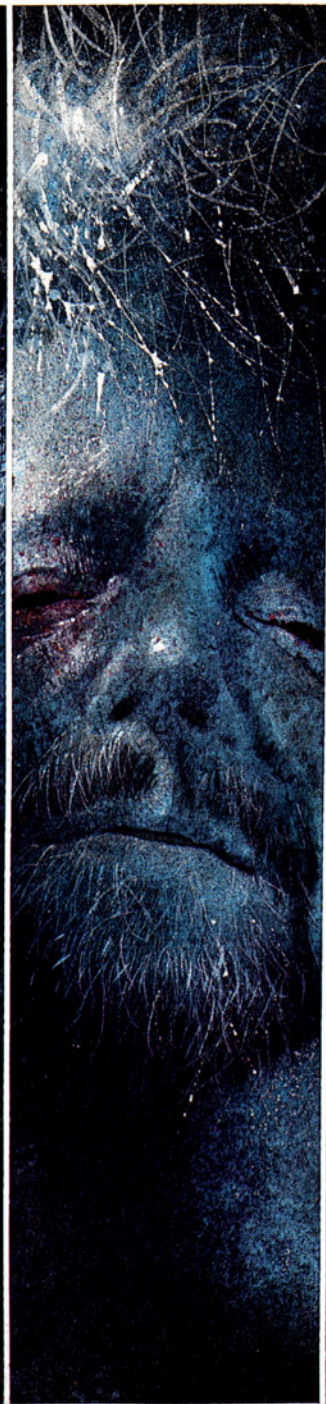
I'm ARKHAM.



I'm HOME.



Where I belong.



*"HE GAVE EVERYTHING.
EVERYTHING."*

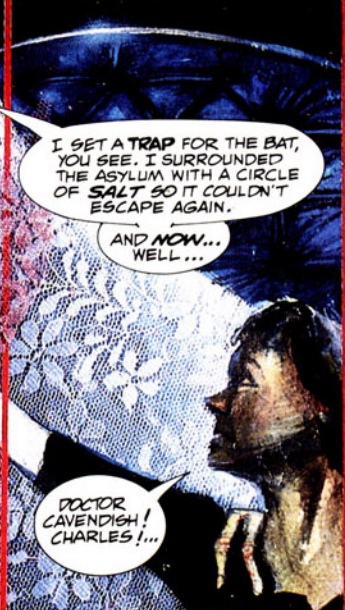


BUT IT STILL WASN'T ENOUGH!

TWO YEARS AGO, I FOUND THIS HIDDEN ROOM. READ THE JOURNAL THEN TOO.



I JUST COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT WHAT ARKHAM HAD SAID AND I REALIZED IT WAS MY DESTINY TO FINISH WHAT HE STARTED.



I SET A TRAP FOR THE BAT, YOU SEE. I SURROUNDED THE ASYLUM WITH A CIRCLE OF SALT SO IT COULDN'T ESCAPE AGAIN.

AND NOW... WELL...

DOCTOR CAVENDISH! CHARLES!...



SHUT UP, YOU IGNORANT COW!



CAVENDISH, YOU'RE SICK.

YOU NEED HELP



I'M SICK? HAVE YOU LOOKED IN A MIRROR LATELY?

HAVE YOU?



CAVENDISH!

No!



JESUS!

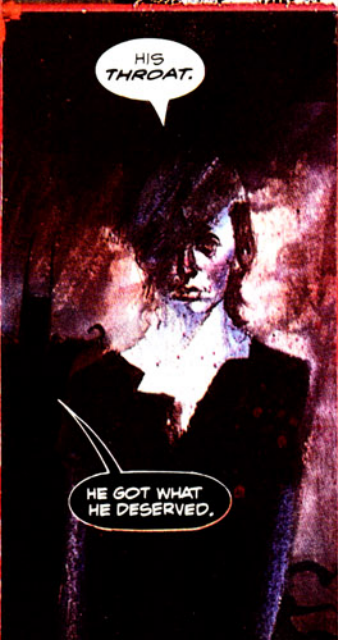
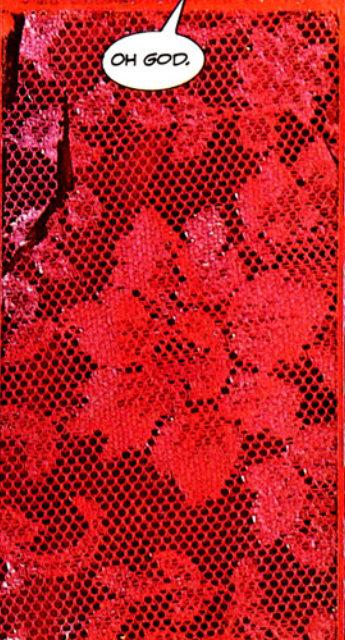


MOMMY'S

UNNH

BOY!

MOMMY'S BOY!





I TAKE IT THIS
PASSAGE IS THE
WAY OUT ?

YES...YES,
IT MUST
BE...



I...I THINK
IT'S *THIS*
WAY.

THIS WAY
OUT.



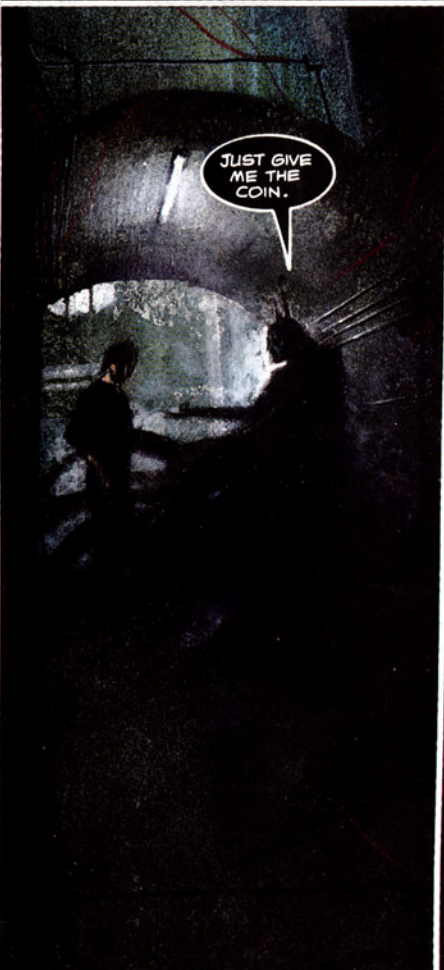
I KNOW.

DO YOU
STILL HAVE
TWO-FACE'S
COIN ?

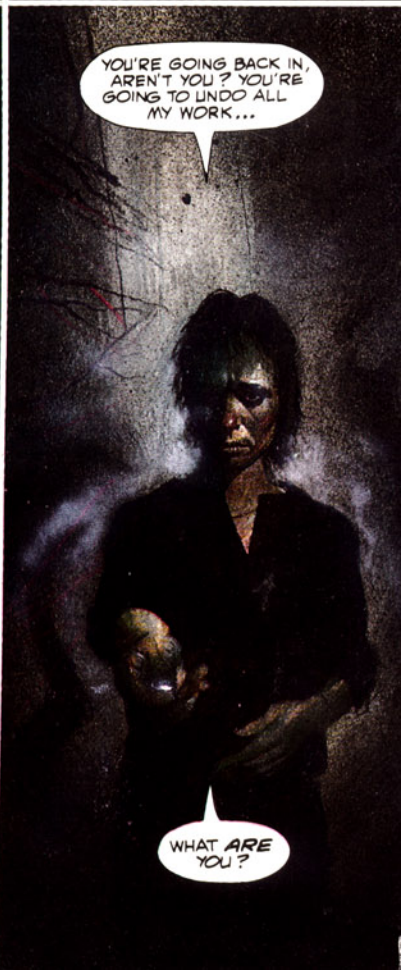


YES...I...

OH CHRIST,
I JUST *KILLED*
SOMEONE.



JUST GIVE
ME THE
COIN.



YOU'RE GOING BACK IN,
AREN'T YOU ? YOU'RE
GOING TO UNDO ALL
MY WORK...

WHAT ARE
YOU ?



STRONGER THAN
THEM. STRONGER
THAN THIS PLACE.

I HAVE TO
SHOW THEM.

THAT'S
INSANE.



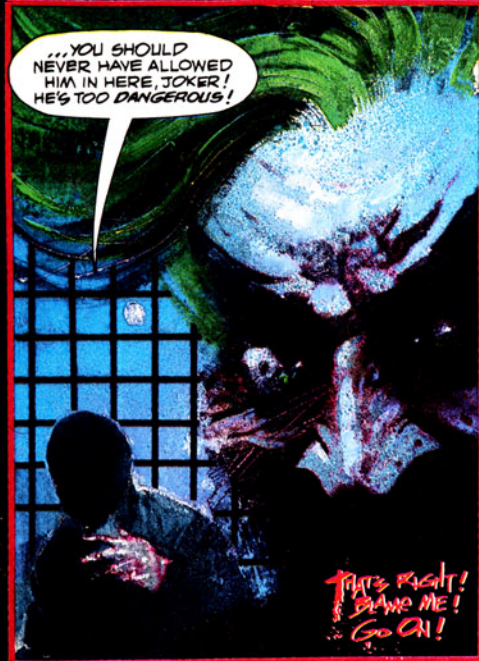
EXACTLY.

ARKHAM WAS RIGHT;
SOMETIMES IT'S ONLY
MADNESS THAT
MAKES US WHAT
WE ARE.



OR
DESTINY
PERHAPS.





THAT'S RIGHT!
SLAM ME!
GO ON!





YOU'RE
FREE.

YOU'RE ALL
FREE.

OH, WE KNOW
THAT
ALREADY.
I
EAT WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

ARE YOU
GOING TO
LEAVE YOUR
KINDLY
ROBES?

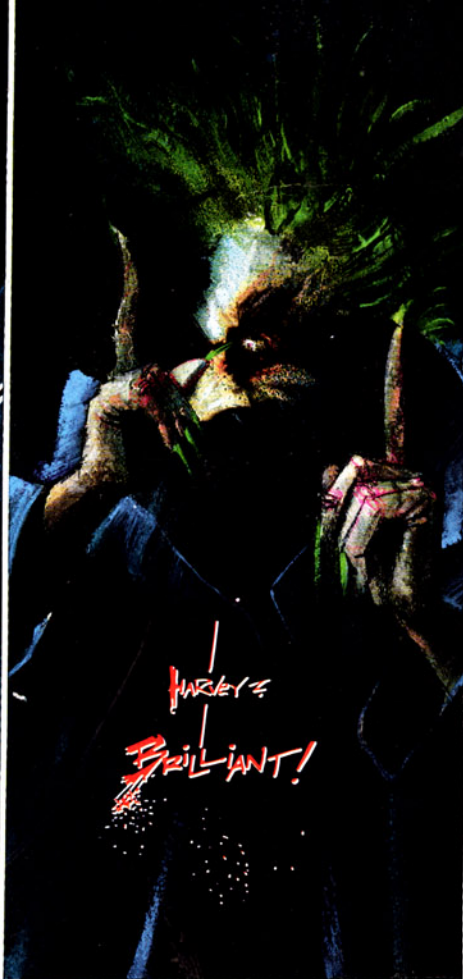
OR DO
YOU JUST
WANT US TO
FIT YOU OUT
IN YOUR
MADNESS,
LIKE THE
POOR SICK
CREATURE
YOU ARE?



WHY DON'T
WE LET
TWO-FACE
DECIDE
WHAT TO
DO WITH
ME?

ME?

...NO,
I CAN'T...
REALLY,
I...



HARRY'S
BRILLIANT!



IF THE UNMARKED
FACE COMES UP,
HE GOES FREE.



IF IT'S THE
SCARRED FACE,
HE DIES HERE.

OKAY?





FARTING
IS SUCH
= SWEET
SORROW!
DEAREST!

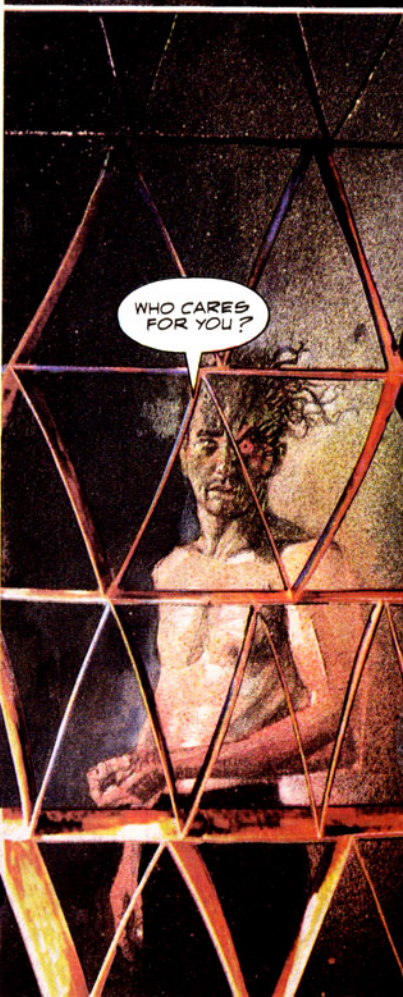
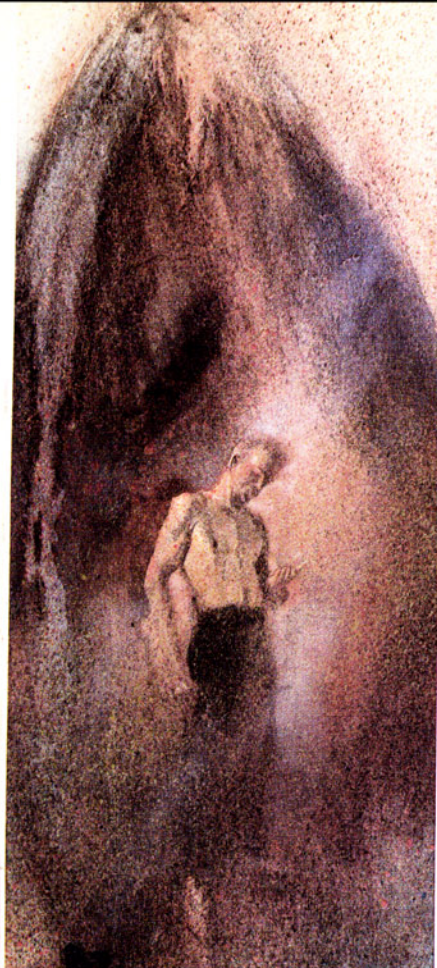
STILL, YOU CAN'T
SAY WE DIDN'T
SHOW YOU A
GOOD TIME.

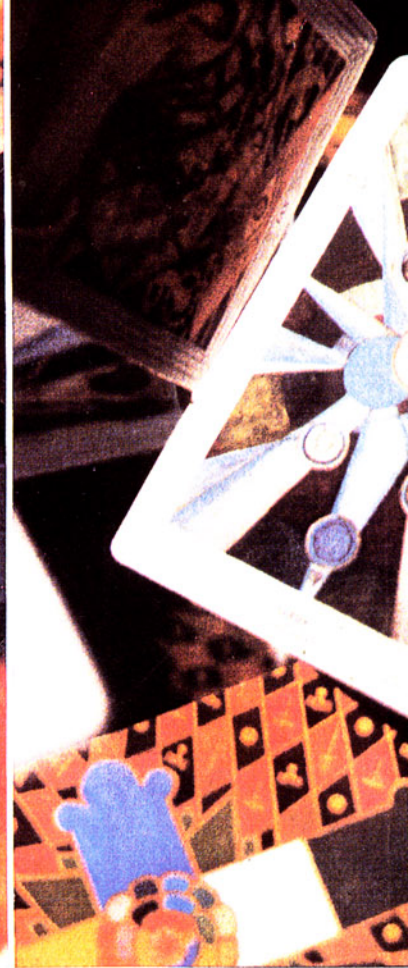
IN
THE
ASYLUM.

ENJOY
YOURSELF
OUT
THERE.

HE
GOES
FREE.

JUST
DON'T
FORGET-
IF IT
EVER GETS
TOO
TOUGH...
THERE'S
ALWAYS
A PLACE
FOR YOU
HERE.







AND IS NOT THAT a MOTHER'S GENTLE HAND THAT WITHDRAWS YOUR CURTAINS,

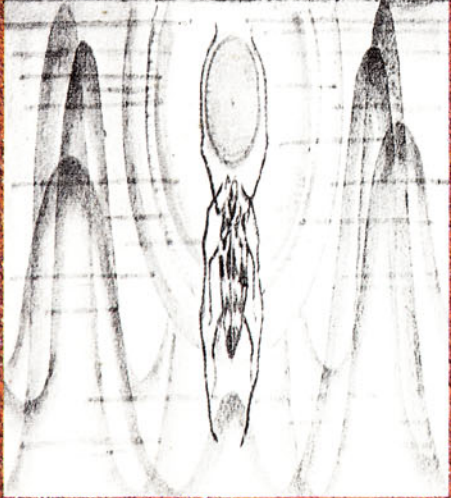
AND a MOTHER'S SWEET VOICE THAT SUMMONS YOU TO RISE?

TO RISE AND FORGET, IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT,

THE UGLY DREAMS THAT FRIGHTENED YOU SO WHEN ALL WAS DARK -

LEWIS CARROLL

'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'



A

ND IS NOT THAT a MOTHER'S GENTLE HAND THAT WITHDRAWS YOUR CURTAINS,

AND a MOTHER'S SWEET VOICE THAT SUMMONS YOU TO RISE?

TO RISE AND FORGET, IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT,

THE UGLY DREAMS THAT FRIGHTENED YOU SO WHEN ALL WAS DARK -

LEWIS CARROLL

'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'

BATMAN:

CRIMINALS
CRIMINALS ARE A TERROR.

HEARTS OF THE NIGHT. I MUST DISGUISE MY TERROR.

CRIMINALS ARE COWARDLY. A SUPERSTITIOUS TERRIBLE OMEN.

A COWARDLY LOT. MY DISGUISE MUST
STRIKE TERROR.

I MUST BE BLACK. TERRIBLE. CRIMINALS ARE.

CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT.

I MUST BE A CREATURE. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT.

MOMMY'S DEAD.

DADDY'S DEAD.

BRUCIE'S DEAD.

I SHALL BECOME A BAT

JOKER:

and what is this

PURE

SCALD

LO

IN THE SAGES OF OLD TIME

LEGEND OF SCALD,

BARD, or DRUID,

(WIDETH HE NOT

"O'RED-LIKE

SPRING?

THOU WATER THAT ART AIR,

IN WHOM ALL COMPLEX IS

RESOLVED!!

Oh yes!

FILL THE CHURCHES WITH DIRTY THOUGHTS!

INTRODUCE HONESTY TO THE WHITE HOUSE,

WRITE LETTERS IN DEAD LANGUAGES -

IS PEOPLE YOU'VE NEVER MET!

PAINT filthy WORDS ON THE

FOREHEADS OF CHILDREN!

BURN YOUR CREDIT CARDS

AND WEAR HIGH HEELS!

AND DOORS STAND OPEN!

FILL THE SUBURBS WITH MURDER and RAPE!

DIVINE MADNESS!

LET THERE BE ECSTASY, ECSTASY IN THE STREETS!

LAUGH and the WORLD

laughs WITH YOU!

BATMAN:

CRIMINALS

CRIMINALS ARE A TERROR.

HEARTS OF THE NIGHT.

I MUST DISGUISE MY

TERROR.

CRIMINALS ARE COWARDLY.

A SUPERSTITIOUS TERRIBLE OMEN.

A COWARDLY LOT. MY DISGUISE MUST

STRIKE TERROR.

I MUST BE BLACK. TERRIBLE. CRIMINALS ARE.



CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT.

I MUST BE A CREATURE. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT.

MOMMY'S DEAD.

DADDY'S DEAD.

BRUCIE'S DEAD.

I SHALL BECOME A BAT

JOKER:

and who is this
PIPE
SCALD?

LO,

IN THE SAGES OF OLD TIME
LEGEND OF SCALD,
A BARD, OR DRUID,
(WIDETH HE NOT

"O'RED LIKE
SPRING?

O

THOU WATER THAT ART AIR,
IN WHOM ALL COMPLEX IS
RESOLVED !

OH yes!

FILL THE CHURCHES WITH DIRTY THOUGHTS!
INTRODUCE HONESTY TO THE WHITE HOUSE,
WRITE LETTERS IN DEAD LANGUAGES
TO PEOPLE YOU'VE NEVER MET!

PAINT filthy WORDS ON THE
FOREHEADS OF CHILDREN!

BURN YOUR CREDIT CARDS
AND WEAR HIGH HEELS!

ASYLUM DOORS STAND OPEN!

FILL THE SUBURBS WITH MURDER AND RAPE!

DIVINE MADNESSES!

LET THERE BE ECSTASY, ECSTASY IN THE STREETS!

LAUGH and the WORLD
laughs WITH YOU!

TWO-FACE:

MR. APOLLO

I AM A LAWYER.

YES.

WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
IN ORDER TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION
ESTABLISH JUSTICE

INSURE DOMESTIC TRANQUILLITY

PROVIDE FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE

PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE

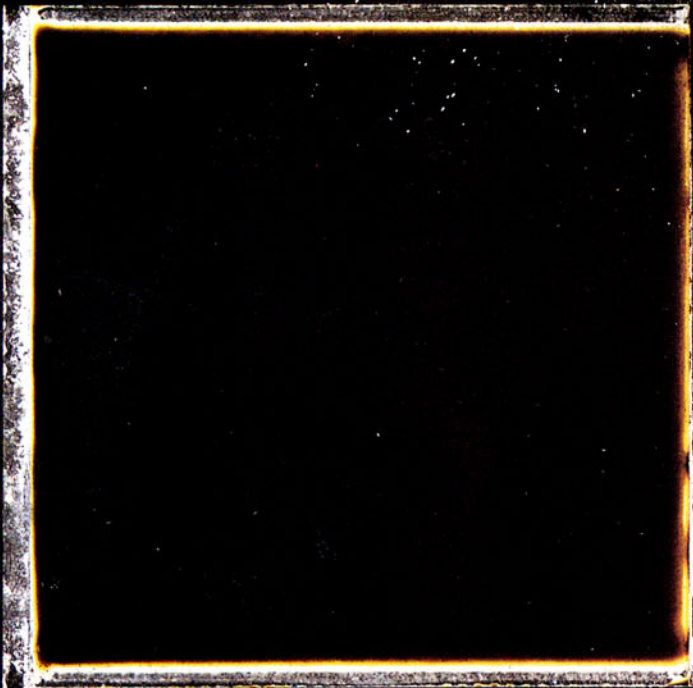
AND SECURE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY

TO OURSELVES AND OUR POSTERITY.

GOD BLESS

AMERICA

BLACK MASK:



MAD HATTER:

I should say I'm very much cleverer than any of the people who
put me here. As a matter of fact, I ~~could~~ leave
any time I WANTED. IT's only a doll's house after all.
Anyway, I don't mind. I like dolls.

particularly the live ones.

CROC:



TWO-FACE:

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MR. MONSIEUR

I AM A ~~LAWYER~~

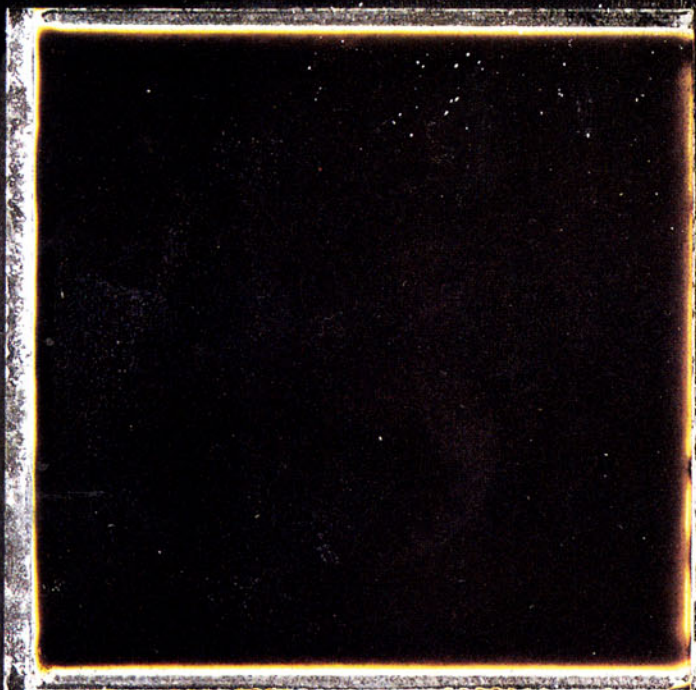
NO.

WE THE ACID SCARRED VICTIMS
OF HISTORY
OF EVIL AND HYPOCRISY
~~EX~~ALT CRIMINALS TO OFFICE
VIETNAM EL SALVADOR CHILE
WITH LOVELY MISSILES ROARING BOMBS
OF THE RIGHT AND THE WHITE
AND THE PIOUS
AND BURN CHILDREN AND TORTURE
WOMEN
FOREVER AND EVER AMEN.

GOD BLESS

~~America~~

BLACK MASK:

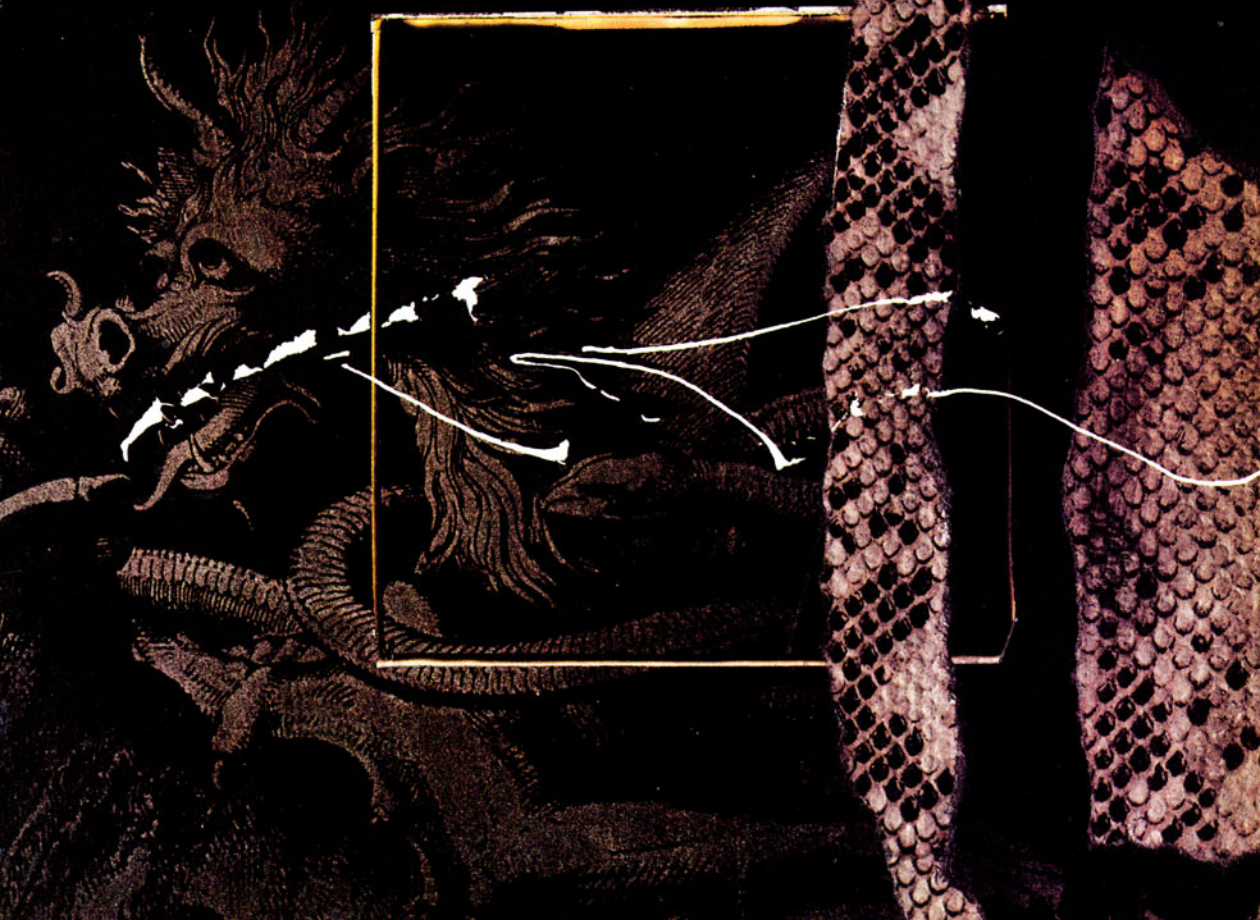


MAD HATTER:

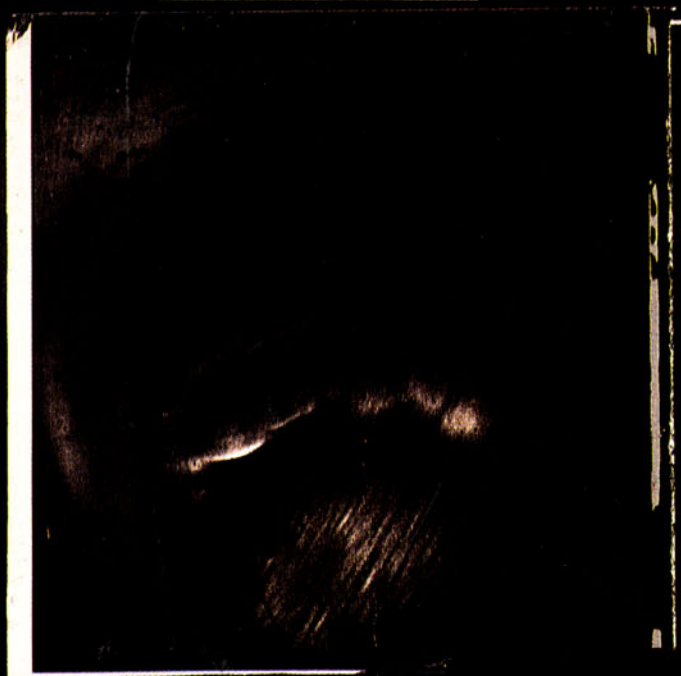
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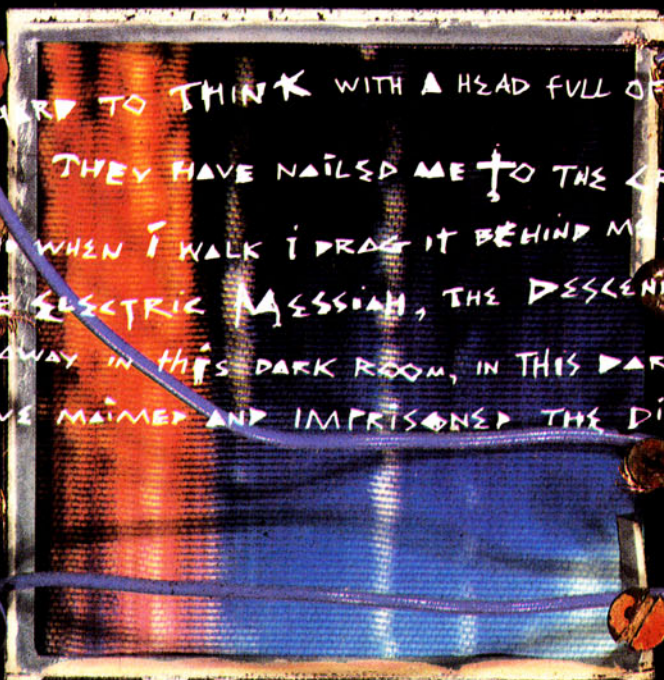


DOCTOR DESTINY:



IN DREAMS I WALK WITH YOU

MAXIE ZEUS:



IT'S HARD TO THINK WITH A HEAD FULL OF RAIN
THEY HAVE NAILED ME TO THE CROSS
OAK AND WHEN I WALK I DRAG IT BEHIND ME
I AM THE ELECTRIC MESSIAH, THE DESCENDER,
LOCKED AWAY IN THIS DARK ROOM, IN THIS DARK CENTURY
THEY HAVE MAIMED AND IMPRISONED THE DIVINE KING.

IS IT ANY WONDER THE WORLD SICKENS AND DIES?

CLAYFACE:

NOT BORN SWIT INTO EXISTENCE

TUMOR ABORTION BODY

SICK EXCRETION

MOMMY MOMMY

I'M NOT AN ANIMAL AN ANIMAL INFECTED SKIN
THE REALM OF THE SKIN IS MY DELIGHT A
COUNTRY OF PESTILENCE

GARDEN OF DIS-EASE SWEATING POISON TEARS OF PUS.
I ONLY WANT TO TOUCH YOU. HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS AND TELL
ME EVERYTHING'S OK MOMMY.
BUT I RISE FROM THE PLAGUE PAT-SPELTRE OF FILTH

THE FATHER, THE SIN AND THE WHOLLY GROSS.

PROFESSOR MILO:



I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I HAVE TO SAY THIS:
I AM SANE. I AM PERFECTLY AND COMPLETELY SANE.
I SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE AT ALL.
THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

Grant Morrison began his comics career in 1978, with contributions to the short-lived experimental comics magazine *Near Myths*. This promising start was immediately followed by eight years of poverty and unemployment. In 1986, however, he found himself working for Britain's *2000 AD*, for whom he wrote the successful *Zenith* series.

He is currently writing *Animal Man* and *Doom Patrol* for DC, *St. Swithin's Day* for Trident Comics and the controversial *New Adventures of Hitler* for *Cut* magazine. Future plans include a comic biography of Andy Warhol and a graphic novel entitled *Sick Buildings*.

In his secret identity, he is an award-winning playwright and also plays rhythm guitar and sings with indie noise band The Fauves.

He lives and works and sleeps occasionally in Glasgow, Scotland.



Dave McKean lives and works in Surrey, England, with his partner, Clare, and a piano. He studied design, illustration and film at Berkshire College of Art and Design for four years, where he subsequently returned to teach audio visuals and film for a year and a half. Dave has illustrated two comics, both with writer Neil Gaiman. *Violent Cases* was published by Escape in 1987 and has won three Eagle and Mekon awards. *Black Orchid* was published by DC in 1988 and was nominated for an Eisner and a Harvey award.

Dave is also working with Gaiman on *Signal to Noise*, a continuing story running in *The Face* magazine; *Black Cocktail*, an illustrated novel by Jonathan Carroll; numerous book covers; and various other works.

He has written and performed music soundtracks for TV commercials and video and played at the Bracknell Jazz Festival in 1986.



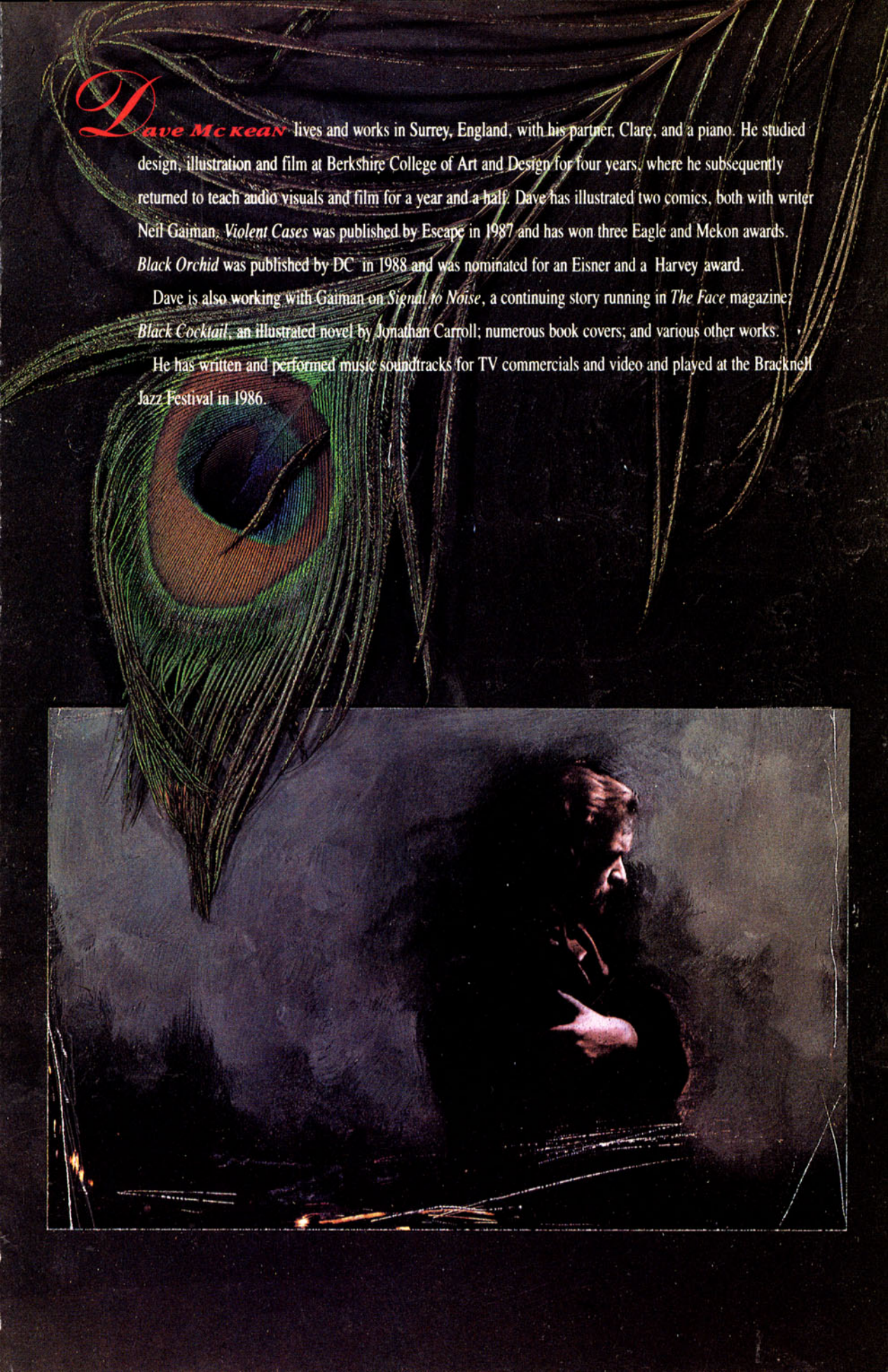
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